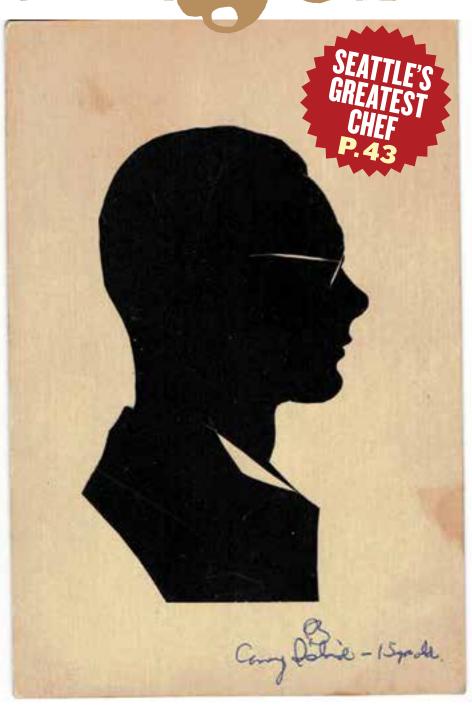
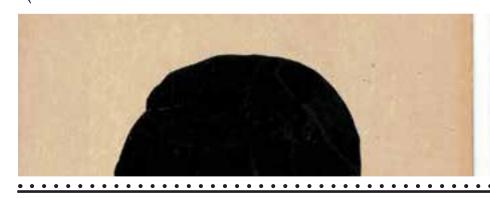


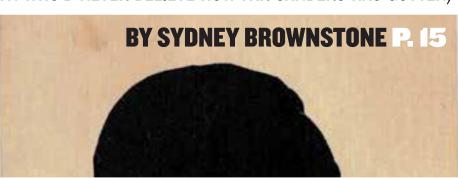
WE ARE GOING TO MISS YOU, KELLY



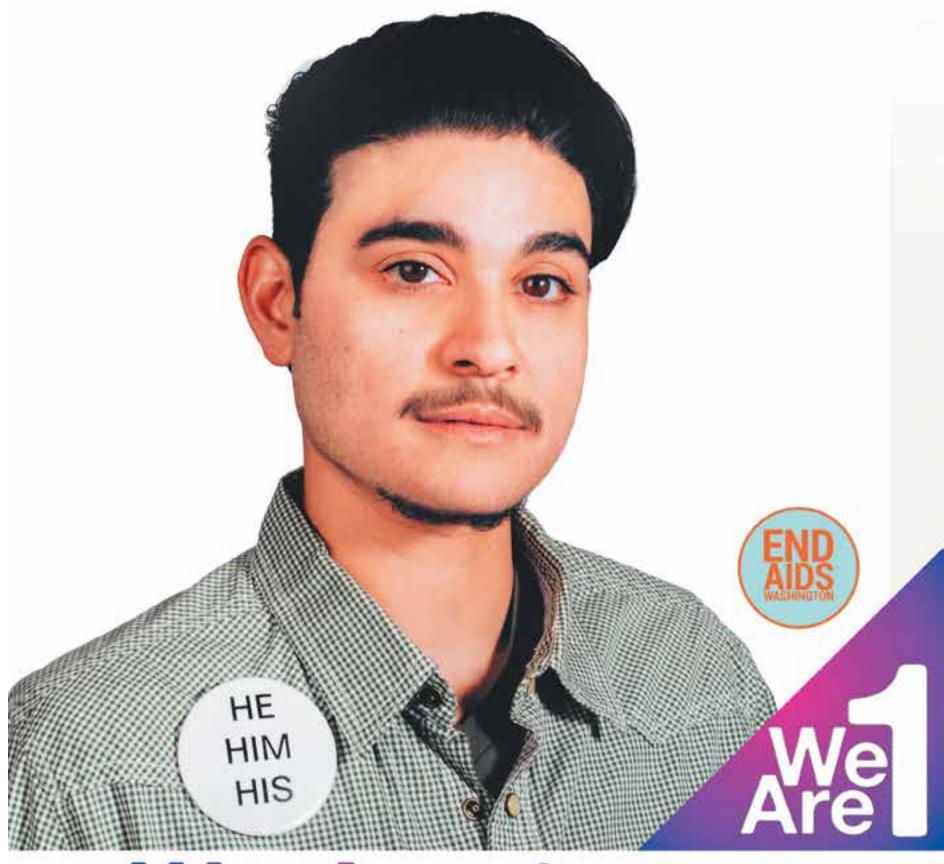
BERNIE SANDERS REMINDS ME OF MY FAMILY

(THAT'S MY GRANDPA IN SILHOUETTE—A JEW FROM BROOKLYN WHO'D NEVER BELIEVE HOW FAR SANDERS HAS GOTTEN)

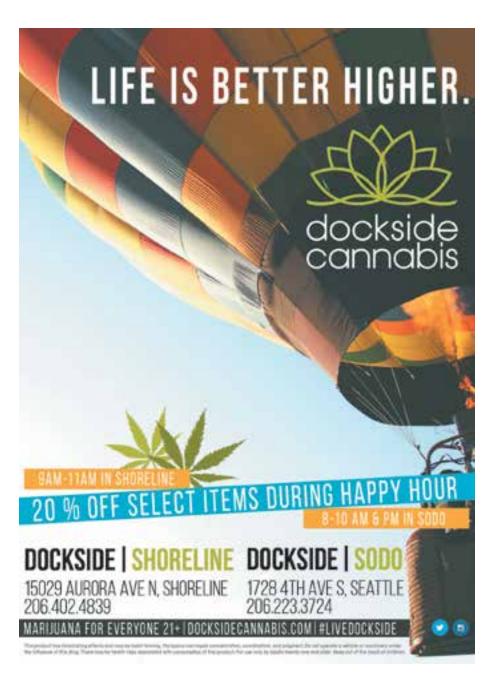




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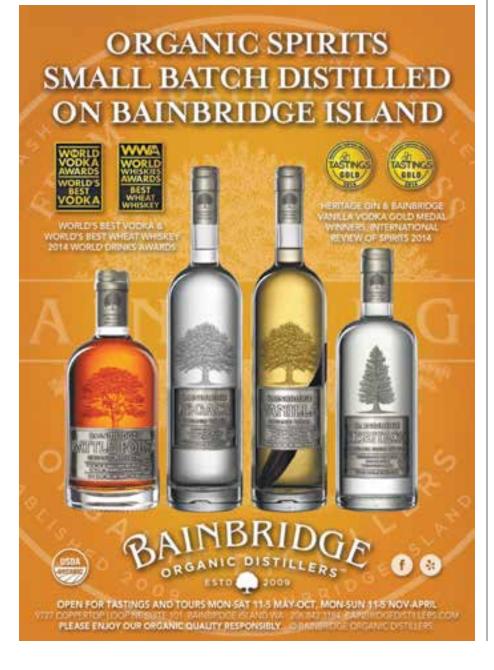












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COVER ART

Courtesy of Karen Cohen



WE SAW YOU

Stranger staffers saw you arguing about sushi burritos, talking about shitting fire, and riding a Solowheel ... page 7

NEWS

The story of Angel Padilla, fighting cancer and deportation at the same time. Plus: News shorts. $\dots \, \mathrm{page} \, 9$

WEED

Weed stores conduct DIY recall of products that may have illegal pesticides in them \dots page 13

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Bernie Sanders reminds me of my family ... page 15

SAVAGE LOVE

 ${\bf Crosswords}$... page 21

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 $The \ Stranger \ {\rm suggests} \ Ben \ Hur. \ A \ Tale \ of the \ Christ \ {\rm at}$ Paramount Theatre, Nom Nom at restaurants around town, Complex Exchange: Tradition \mid Innovation at Northwest African American Museum, Seattle Fringe Festival, and more ... page 23

THINGS TO DO: MUSIC

The Stranger suggests Pat Martino Trio at Jazz Alley, the OK Hotel Family Reunion at Royal Room, Ringo Deathstarr at Sunset Tavern, Yada Yada Blues Band at Highway 99 Blues Club, F-Holes at Slim's Last Chance, and more ... page 29

MUSIC

Legendary Olympia label K Records struggles as Kimya Dawson and other artists demand unpaid royalties ... page 37

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Sit at Shiro Kashiba's sushi bar for a lesson from the master ... page 43

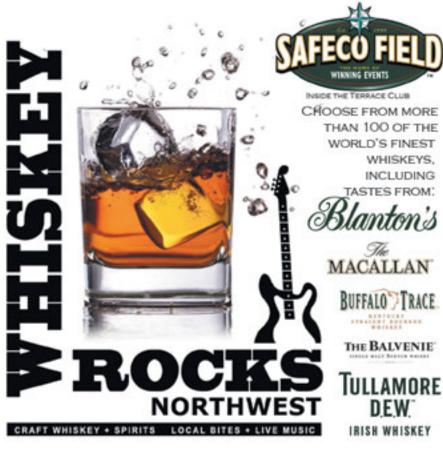
FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

Make it your intention to dissolve any unconscious blocks you might have about sharing your gifts and bestowing your blessings ... page 45

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THE STRANGER 1535 11th Avenue, Third Floor, Seattle, WA 98122 VOICE (206) 323-7101 FAX (206) 323-7203 SALES FAX (206) 325-4865 $\textbf{HOURS} \ Mon-Fri, \ 9 \ am-5:30 \ pm \ \ \textbf{E-MAIL} \ editor@the stranger.com \\$



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ASIAN ART MUSEUM

ASIA FILMS I am Sun Mu

Documentary screening

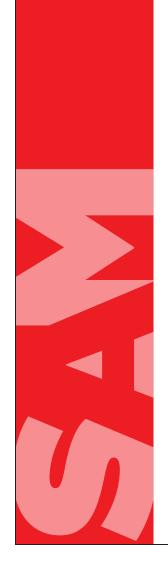
THU, MAR 3 7-9 PM **ASIAN ART MUSEUM**

North Korean defector artist, Sun Mu, works under an alias to criticize the repressive regime. A former propaganda artist, he subverts familiar images which once glorified the leadership, transforming them into satirical political pop art. The anonymous artist prepares for an exhibition in China, potentially risking his own freedom and safety to expose the truth through art.

Tickets: \$10, \$5 SAM members Includes admission to the exhibition Paradox of Place: Korean Contemporary Art visitsam.org/tickets













SUSHI BURRITOS On a sandwich board.

SECOND AND PIKE SUSHI BURRITO DEBATE

We heard you two loudly debating the new Sushi-GaBurri food cart on the corner of Second and Pike in downtown Seattle. You said, "Sushi can never be a burrito, and a burrito can never be sushi." But then you walked away

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and guilty.



COME CLEAN. HIT-AND-RUNNER

You hit-and-run me in the U-District, just off 45th Street, on Wednesday, February 10, around 11 a.m. Since then, my life has been a series of broken bones, surgeries, tests, and scans. I'm still hospitalized. I'd like to give you a chance to come forward and identify yourself. You're not doing yourself any favors by hanging back, and my continued recovery would be greatly aided by receiving information from you. Contact the Seattle Police, it won't be as scary as you think and will definitely help with that gnawing guilty feeling you're going to carry around for the rest of your life otherwise. Likewise, if it wasn't you but you saw something, please do me a solid and come forward with any info, no matter how trivial it may seem. The SPD number is 206-625-5011.

-Anonymous

and didn't even try one. C'mon! Like your mom always said, "You have to try at least one bite before you can hate it." That said, none of us have tried one, either. Has anyone?

SPEAKING OF FOOD

We overheard you, a twentysomething guy on the 36 bus riding north on Third Avenue, tell your female companion, "I pretty much shit fire after eating three of 'em." We didn't hear what it was vou'd eaten, but damn, that conversational topic is annoying on a Saturday morning, brah.

DUMPLINGS JUST SHY OF SHORELINE

It was lunchtime at Little Ting's Dumplings, a Chinese restaurant just shy of the Seattle-Shoreline border, and the place was filling up with hungry people, all of whom were ordering dumplings off of a menu with 13 different kinds of dumplings. The woman behind the counter, in clear view of everyone in the dining room, was busy shaping dough around fillings like pork and cabbage or scallops and chives. You, a bald middle-aged white man with a goatee, strode confidently into Little Ting's Dumplings with your friend, sat down at a table, looked over the menu, and asked, in a voice so loud that everyone could hear, "So, what are dumplings?"

DOUCHEBAG ON DENNY

Last Saturday night, you—a man in your 20s dressed in a long fur coat and quirky trousers—were riding a Solowheel up the hill on the Denny Way I-5 overpass, bearing a smug expression nearly as punchable as Martin Shkreli's. New Seattle sucks.

PLOWING IT LIKE A QUEEN

You two—the stars of Broad City—dropped by The Stranger offices for a podcast session with Dan Savage, and in typical Savage fashion, he hoarded you mostly to himself (as he does with all the cool celebrities). But he allowed you to stroll through the newsroom to meet some of your die-hard fans. You were just as lovely and funny and cool as you appear on the show, even after a Stranger staffer

My Concern for America Continues

by Phillip Abernathy, Age 9

merica is turning into a burning garbage heap of immorality and tyranny. Hello, I'm Phillip Abernathy, and I'm a fourth grader at John Muir Elementary School—and my concern for America continues. Yes, I may be "only" 9 years old, but my eyes are wide open to the bureaucratic corruption that has polluted America—and, by extension, Mrs. Pullman's entire fourth grade class.

Example ONE: Fish Stick Fridays. Our glorious Constitution (supreme law of the land) grants us freedom of choice, and yet, where is the choice or indeed the freedom in being served fish sticks at lunch every... single... Friday? Patriots such as myself have taken our grievances to our student



government—GRIEVANCES IGNORED. (I'M LOOKING DIRECTLY AT YOU, EDDIE "THE BUTTHOLE" THOMPSON.)

Example TWO: Drones. The so-called "president" and his cronies have no qualms about setting up a drone surveillance state—but when I bring a drone to school and use it to expose the LIES of our administration, who gets sent to the principal's office? Video evidence procured by my drone PROVES that the school supply closet is full of glue sticks—even as officials beg our hapless parents to pay, pay, and pay for "critical" supplies. MY DRONE SEES YOUR SOCIALISM, PRINCIPAL CUTHBERTSON! It will fly until the TRUTH is REVEALED! (Except my stupid sister crashed my drone into the toilet last week, and Mom says I have to wait for my birthday to get another one.)

Example THREE: Gift Wrap Sales. Every year, students are forced to sell gift wrap or coupon books to raise money for the fifth grade overnight trip to Winkle's Pioneer Homestead. What do fourth graders get out of it? I'll tell you. We get two little words: Jack SHIT. The bubbling cauldron of socialism is simmering beneath this so-called "fundraiser"—and I shall not taste of that witch's brew!

Storm clouds on the horizon! Liberty under siege! Wake up, Obama! Principal Cuthbertson, Eddie "The Butthole" Thompson, and Mrs. Jones-Buckman (the lunch lady) are tirelessly working to nullify our precious, blood-bought civil liberties! Yes, my concern for America continues—because without that concern, without action, our school and eventually our country will be overtaken by corrupt politicos intent on force-feeding us the bitter fish sticks of tyranny! Without tartar sauce!

blurted out that she had slept with a mutual acquaintance of yours. Keep plowing showbiz like queens, ladies.

SLACKIN' AROUND

You, a 38-year-old Pulitzer Prize winner, asked a 26-year-old reporter how to get Slack notifications on your smartphone.

STRAP-ON SHOPPING

"This one's fun," you said, picking up a hotpink dildo and giving it a good shake. You demonstrated that there are actually small balls inside the length of the dildo (like seeds in a maraca), which provide a strange but enjoyable sensation when the instrument is inserted inside the human body. "It's kind of random, too," you said, tipping the dildo forward and backward, and forward and backward.

WISELY PLAYED, WOMAN ON THE BUS

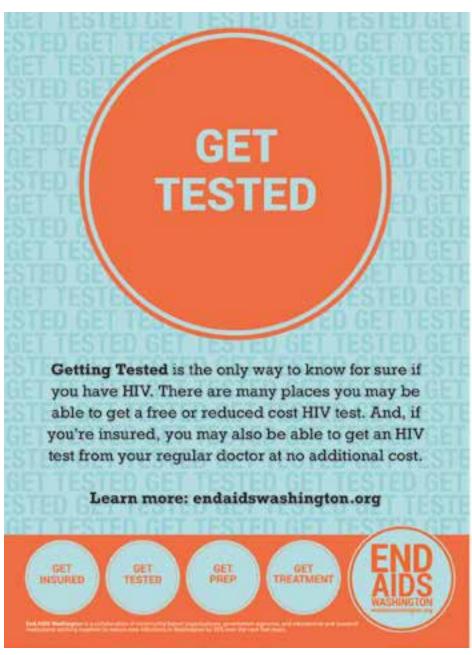
Your braids were thick, as long as your torso. some black and some white. You tossed them over your shoulders while you talked loudly in the backseat of the number 11 bus from downtown to Capitol Hill on Monday morning. "I don't know why I'm so patient with his ass," you told your friend, also a teenager. She was wearing a full black head covering, in contrast to your head-turning braids. She was also wearing purple lipstick. She pursed her lips and listened. "He is a total fuckboi!" you went on, and she looked like she was holding back from nodding vigorously, like maybe today you were going to break up with him but maybe tomorrow you'd be back together and she would have agreed that he was a total fuckboi and there would be this new distance between you.

POORLY PLAYED, MEN ON THE STEET

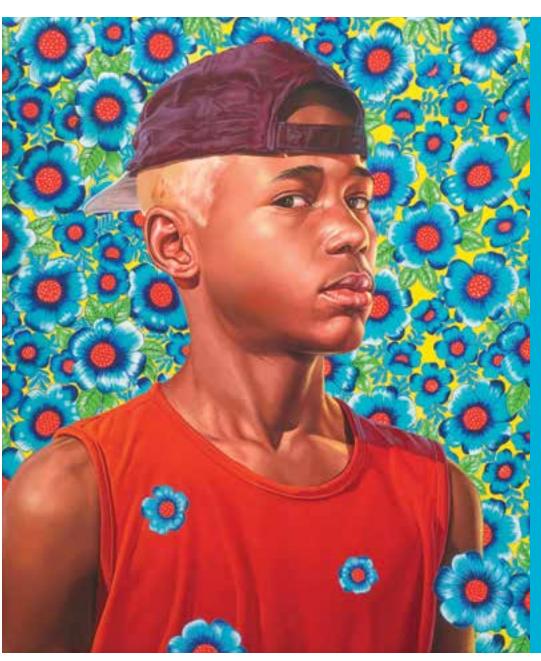
Two women walked by you, a crowd of men laughing on the sidewalk in the International District on a darkening Saturday afternoon. The women tried not to assume the worst, tried not to pick up their pace prematurely despite the fact that 65 percent of women have experienced street harassment, a good chunk of it physical groping or flashing, according to a 2014 study. And then, from the crowd: "Hey, honey." Ugh.

A DODO AT THE BIRDS

You sat inside 12th Avenue Arts near the back of the audience at The Birds on a Thursday night. When the play—a beautifully depressing apocalypse story—ended, you turned to the person next to you and said the most aggressively boring and obvious thing imaginable: "They all seemed a lot less happy by the end." \blacksquare







Kehinde Wiley

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Randerson Romualdo Cordeiro (detail) 2008, Kehinde Wiley, American, b. 1977, oil on canvas, 48 x 36 in., Private collection, Golden Beach, Florida, courtesy of Roberts & Tilton, Culver City, California, © Kehinde Wiley, Photo: Robert Wedemeyer, courtesy of Roberts & Tilton.

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ANGEL PADILLA "I'm not trying to paint myself as this saint or anything. But I've paid my dues."

Fighting Cancer and **Deportation at the Same Time**

Angel Padilla's Case Puts a Spotlight on Conditions at the Tacoma Immigrant Detention Center and the Obama Administration's Harsh Deportation Policy

BY ANSEL HERZ

t about noon on February 19, Angel Padilla began to feel nauseated and dizzy inside Tacoma's Northwest Detention Center—a 1,575-bed prison run by the GEO Group, a

private prison corporation.

Padilla is a slight, bespectacled 39-yearold man from El Salvador who suffers from chronic back pain and has a cancerous tumor in his left kidney. He banged on the door of his cell to get the attention of a guard. Through a small hole in the door, Padilla said, he pleaded with the guard to send a nurse.

"You don't have any medical appointments, so you're not going to go," Padilla remembers the guard saying.

Padilla said he staggered away, vomited, and passed out. He woke up lying on the floor. He recalls a guard pulling him up and walking him toward the door, and then another guard calling out: "Sit him down. Don't make him walk."

Finally, a nurse appeared.

 $He \ was \ taken \ to \ St. \ Joseph \ Medical \ Center;$ given medication for his pain, and returned to the detention center later that day.

here are two stories being told about the Northwest Detention Center and its handling of the Padilla case. One comes from the federal department of Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE), the agency in

charge of detaining and deporting immigrants. A spokesperson for ICE said Padilla was promptly taken to the hospital on February 19after he complained of severe abdominal pain. Simple as that. The detention center complies with the law and American human-rights standards. Inmates who need health care get it. ICE plans to treat Padilla's cancerous tumor and then deport him to El Salvador because of a crime he committed 20 years ago that he has already served nearly 20 years for. (He became eligible for release last year, after serving 85 percent of his 23-year sentence.)

The other story about the detention center comes from immigrants, their families, attorneys, activists, human-rights organizations, and the congressman who represents the area. To them, it is a hellish place—a blight on the Pacific Northwest—where conditions are "shocking," in the words of state representative Adam Smith. The food is substandard, the guards are callous, and inmates are threatened with solitary confinement. These conditions have prompted hunger strikes within the center, as well as repeated demonstrations outside, including activists locking

their arms together to block the entrances.

A report on the Northwest Detention Center by Seattle University's Human Rights Clinic and OneAmerica showed evidence of "long delays prior to medically necessary surgical procedures, unresponsiveness to requests for medical care, and pure refusal to treat painful medical conditions" back in 2008, among a host of other alleged human-rights violations.

ICE plans to treat Padilla's cancerous tumor and then deport him to El Salvador.

But last fall, ICE renewed its contract with GEO Group for the next decade. The contract includes a bed quota, which guarantees that ICE will cover the cost of half of the beds and therefore provide a reliable stream of revenue for the GEO Group.

"This contract is a symbol of systemic problems in our immigration detention system that we must fix," Smith said. "We are left with a flawed detention policy that benefits private corporations at high cost to taxpayers, detainees, and families of those affected."

For Maru Mora Villalpando, an undocumented immigrant who has led protests against the detention center, Padilla's case in particular "shreds the myth that this is one of the best immigrant detention centers in the

ine days after ICE re-upped its contract with GEO Group, on October 9, 2015, Padilla was ecstatic about the prospect of finally getting out of prison.

He had come a very long way. In an extended interview inside a tiny, white-walled visitation room at the Northwest Detention Center, Padilla—clad in a red jumpsuit, stone-faced with almond-shaped eyes—calmly recounted his story, occasionally breaking

As El Salvador's brutal civil war ramped up, his mother came to the United States, Padilla told me. She made enough money to send for her mother and Padilla. They entered illegally and came to Torrance, a town in southern Los Angeles County.

'I grew up in a crazy environment," Padilla said. There was constant pressure to join gangs. He extended a finger with a small, hard protrusion—shrapnel, he said, from when a man shot at him for walking across the street "the wrong way" at age 13. "Everything I was picking up as a child was nothing but crime," Padilla said. "I didn't know anything else."

At age 17, Padilla committed an armed robbery to settle a score over drug money. Along with an accomplice, they tied up the family, but as they left, one man sprung loose and fired on them, wounding them both. Padilla was arrested, released, and then rearrested and tried as an adult after he turned 18 years old. He received a public defender and pleaded no contest to the charge of armed home invasion robbery.

In 1996, Padilla was sentenced to 23 years

Padilla remembers a conversation with his mother. "I screwed up my life to this point," he said. "I don't know what to do."

ooking back now, Padilla said, "I know what I did was wrong. I've never said I didn't do it. I've never tried to make justifications for it.'

During his time in California's prison system-deemed overcrowded and cruel by the US Supreme Court in 2011—Padilla bore witness to fights and riots. (Go on the internet and search for "California prison riots" on YouTube, he said, to see what he means.)

But Padilla stayed out of trouble. He received his GED, taught himself to read and write in English and Spanish, and eventually landed a coveted position as a welder inside a prison factory. He manufactured bunk beds and stainless-steel tables, and earned a certificate in the trade. "I got so good at it," he said, allowing himself a small smile. "I liked what I was doing... I'm certified in sheet metal, structural, pretty much anything besides underwater welding. I can weld anything."

In 2011, he met a state social-services worker named Elizabeth, a young Catholic woman who visited prisons on her own time as part of her church's charity work. They exchanged letters for two years, and then got married in a small ceremony held in the visitation room of Avenal State Prison, "I've never been as peaceful or happy as I am with her," Padilla said. "She inspired me to take my religion seriously. To stop playing around."

In October 2015, having served 19 years—85 percent of his sentence—Padilla became eligible for parole. A community reentry assessment gave him stellar marks: He was likely to find a job and establish a financial footing; he was unlikely to abuse substances or be antisocial. He planned to get a welding job with Siemens or a company called Tri Tool.

Angel and Elizabeth Padilla made a plan ▶



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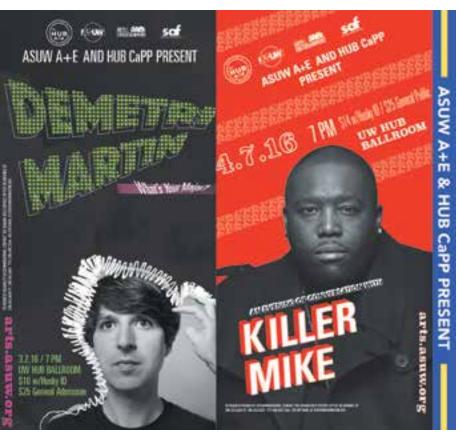
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◀ for the day of his release: Back in Los Angeles, he would take a walk with her.

His voice goes high and his eyes moisten as he remembers: "I told her, as soon as I get out of here and far away from this prison, I want to walk. I just want to walk. I want to know that feeling again."

But at the last second, a prison official told him there was a warrant out for his arrest.

"A warrant?" Padilla said. "I've been locked up for 20 years in prison."

"He came back and said, 'Oh it's ICE. They're waiting for you outside." Even though he's become a permanent residentnot a citizen—through family ties, ICE detained him, pending deportation, because of his aggravated felony offense.

y whole world came down in that moment," Padilla said. "I know I did wrong. But you've taken half of my life from me. And now that I'm getting out, you're telling me, 'Oh, you're not getting out.' What do you mean? My whole day was set, just to walk. That's all I wanted to do. Walk. Feel free."

"I'm not trying to paint myself as this saint or anything," he said. "But I've paid my dues."

As his wife drove to the prison gates to pick him up, an ICE van drove him in the opposite direction, to Mesa Verde Detention Facility—another private prison operated by GEO Group. He was transferred to GEO's center in Tacoma on January 19 so that he could receive treatment for renal cell carcinoma. which has spread to his lymph nodes. A CAT scan first detected the cancer on December 9.

Padilla said he's been advised by doctors that "every day counts," and he has filed grievances with GEO Group and ICE protesting delays in his treatment.

ICE says this is the law. "Lawful permanent residents, like Mr. Padilla, who are convicted of serious or violent offenses-specifically those that are defined as 'aggravated felonies'-become subject to removal from the country,' said ICE spokesperson Virginia Kice. "ICE has placed Mr. Padilla in removal proceedings and it will now be up to the immigration courts to decide whether he has a legal basis to remain in the US. By law, ICE is required to detain convicted aggravated felons while their immigration cases are pending." Kice said the agency is working with a urologist in Tacoma to develop a treatment plan.

Padilla now faces two battles: fighting his cancer and fighting deportation. The best-

> Conditions in the detention center are "shocking" says state representative Adam Smith.

case scenario is for ICE to swiftly schedule his surgery, and then for Padilla to win humanitarian parole, he said

First, however, he has to find an immigration attorney who will take his case.

"We've seen cases where people were really sick," said Villalpando, the activist. She became aware of Padilla's case after another inmate gave him her phone number. "But because of the convictions they've had in the past, lawyers won't take their case."

"Someone like Angel is a great excuse for Obama to say we're deporting criminals," Villalpando said.

resident Obama has deported more people than any other US president before him, and nearly more than every other president in the 20th century combined. If he adds Padilla to this list, he'll have deported a sick man to a country from which the US Peace Corps pulled out this month, citing a 70 percent surge in the murder rate during 2015.

"His story is the story of why everything is wrong with the system," Villalpando said, and why this system needs to be shut down immediately." ■

RELIEF FINALLY ON THE WAY FOR 23RD AVENUE BUSINESSES Small businesses along the Central District's 23rd Avenue have been crying out for attention from city hall for weeks, complaining that the massive overhaul of that street is shutting out customers and threatening their businesses' very existence. On February 22, they finally got a response. Mayor Ed Murray's administration will offer a \$650,000 fund to be divvied up among low-income business owners along 23rd, with most of that money coming from federal community development block grants. (That's a reversal from Murrav's earlier insistence that his administration had no legal authority to offer mitigation money to the businesses, since they weren't being forced to shut down entirely.) With an estimated 20 to 30 qualifying businesses, that'll come out to about \$21,000 to \$33,000 per business for a project that's expected to last until February 2017. HEIDI GROOVER

GROUP THREATENS AN ANTI-TRANS STATEWIDE BALLOT INITIATIVE One antitrans bill has already been shot down in the Washington State Senate this session, but there's still one more to go before the Republican-controlled chamber's attempts to mess with transgender people can be stopped (the remaining bill, like the first, tries to keep transgender people from using the sex-segregated bathroom that aligns with their gender identity). Meantime, there's a new threat: a statewide ballot initiative to police trans people's genitalia

in bathrooms. The Family Policy Institute of Washington, an anti-LGBTQ group, apparently had an anti-trans ballot initiative website already waiting in the wings. "Just Want Privacy," the name of the anti-trans campaign, launched last year and "Just Want Privacy" claims that they'll launch their statewide initiative as soon as they raise \$100,000 and collect 1,000 volunteers. As of this writing, however, the group had not yet filed for the statewide ballot. If they do, they'll elevate a discourse that results in real fear and violence for the trans community to a dangerous new level. SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

ANOTHER GUN SAFETY INITIATIVE IS COMING TO YOUR BALLOT THIS FALL The

Alliance for Gun Responsibility, the group that successfully pushed for a 2014 measure to strengthen background checks in Washington State, is looking to be back on the ballot this November. On February 18, alongside high-profile supporters including Seattle police chief Kathleen O'Toole, the group announced a new initiative to create "extreme risk protection orders." The proposal would allow family members, partners, and police to ask a judge to suspend someone's access to firearms for one year if they can demonstrate that person has threatened harm to themselves or others. The hearing process for granting extreme risk protection orders would be based off a similar process for domestic-violence and sexual-assault protection orders and would also allow a judge to refer the person to a mental-health or substanceabuse evaluation. HEIDI GROOVER

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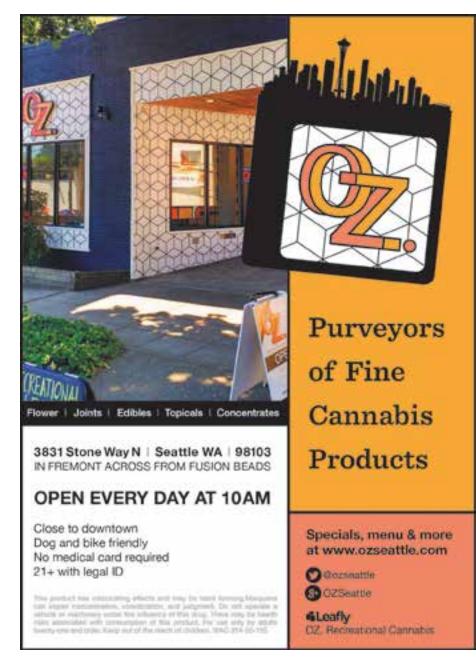


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Weed Stores Conduct DIY Recall

The Scramble to Toss Weed Grown with Prohibited Pesticides

BY TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

n the aftermath of what one pithy PR executive dubbed "Pestgate"—the recent revelations that illegal pesticides were found on plants at BMF Washington and New Leaf Enterprises, two of Washington's largest growers—the state's cannabis industry has been scrambling to deal with the fallout.

There is currently no unified protocol for how to handle communicating information about pesticide violations to the public, or how to conduct a recall if necessary. "This is an emerging issue," said Brian Smith, director of communications for the Washington State Liquor and Cannabis Board, on February 16. "We're actively working on pesticide protocols today."

Many in the industry said they were blindsided by the revelations, first reported in TheStranger, about prohibited pesticides being used in the local market. Dustin Barrington, an assistant manager at Hashtag, a recreational weed store on Stone Way, said he read the Stranger piece and then, the next day, "walked into a crisis."

Many in the industry said they were blindsided.

Many retailers decided to carry out what was essentially a DIY recall.

As Hilary Bricken, editor of Canna Law Blog, noted, though the state "issued a stop sales order against both companies, that order was not announced to the public and it came to light only through a public records request." She noted that while it's good the state discovered these pesticide practices, "What about the marijuana and/or marijuana products that made their way to consumers? What should those consumers do? What redress do they have? What about other companies that purchased this cannabis? What redress do they have?"

Ian Eisenberg, owner of Uncle Ike's Pot Shop, said he wasn't waiting for a go ahead from the WSLCB. Uncle Ike's was one of the first stores to pull products. "[WSLCB regulators are] the experts and they know legally what has to be done, but we're gonna err on the side of protecting our customers," he said. He claimed he didn't know what amount is really poisonous, "but I wouldn't want any in my cookies."

Tim Moxey, co-owner of botanicaSEAT-TLE, a processing company that had used some of New Leaf's extracts, concurred. "It's important that collectively we do this right and that we build trust in an industry that previously didn't have standards or transparency," he said.

After an initial letter to customers urging them to hold off on sales of certain botanicaSEATTLE products, Moxey met with the owners of New Leaf, did some research, and ultimately concluded his product was safe. New Leaf's plants tested positive for myclobutanil, a chemical that can be dangerous when heated past 400 degrees Fahrenheit. BotanicaSEATTLE used New Leaf's oil only in Bond Sensual Oil, which theoretically should never approach that temperature (insert "extremely hot sex" joke here).

Other manufacturers, however, opted to completely recall some of their own products. "Evergreen Herbal, in its commitment to safety and integrity, is issuing a voluntary recall of products containing Dama Oil," Evergreen wrote in a letter to retailers. "This is a voluntary recall and no formal recall has been mandated by the WSLCB."

BMF Washington voluntarily pulled its Liberty Reach brand from the market, but noted that its other brands—JuJu Joints, Jack's Seaweed, etc.—were made with flower it had purchased from other producers and were unaffected by the pesticide issue. Dama still offers its flower products, with the WSLCB-mandated warning about "trace amounts" of disallowed pesticides, at the reduced price of \$3 per gram wholesale.

Industry insiders bemoaned the lack of assistance from the WSLCB.

"We've all been combining data to figure out who sells whose product," said Eisenberg. "The WSLCB has traceability, and that's what they should be giving us. What if there were a real recall for salmonella? What if there was a cookie with salmonella? I was kind of disappointed, I guess. It's a new industry, I'm sure in 10 years time, there will be [a system]."

The WSLCB reiterated that it had no official cause for concern and would not be taking any action beyond requiring the warning label for New Leaf's products. BMF didn't have to worry about the labels, as it decided to pull Liberty Reach off the market entirely.

'If there was a known public-safety concern, we would take immediate action," said Smith. He noted, "There is a scarcity of information about the impact of pesticides on consumers who smoke marijuana as opposed to eating it."

Jeremy Moberg, of the Washington Sungrowers Industry Association, said he believes that all products that could have been affected should be recalled regardless of the amount of pesticide detected. "The WSLCB $\,$ supposedly has a recall protocol for handling the use of illegal pesticides, but nobody knows what that is or if it even exists," he said. "Meanwhile, experts debate the harms of a pesticide that may turn into cyanide gas when heated or smoked. Myclobutanil is banned by the federal government for use on tobacco—one of the most pesticide-laden crops in the world."

"How is this not a recall?" he asked, adding that it seemed unjustly lenient. "The \overrightarrow{WSLCB} is willing to destroy up to 50 percent of a farm's inventory for minor violations, but it will not recall potentially contaminated cannabis."■















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The same qualities that appeal to Bernie Sanders fans today almost destroyed my family in 1957. From bottom left, clockwise: David Brownstone (formerly David Brounstein), Paul Brownstone (formerly Saul Brounstein), Harry and Molly Brounstein, Harry Brounstein in New York City, Harry Brounstein in front of his Brooklyn deli.

I Still Can't Believe There's a Jewish Democratic Socialist from Brooklyn Who's **Already Won a Presidential Primary**

Bernie Sanders Reminds Me of My Family

BY SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

During Sanders's

speech, I was

kvelling so hard,

I nearly cried.

ine months ago, we began our campaign here in New Hampshire.'

Bernie Sanders, the 74-year-old, Brooklyn-born Democratic senator running for president, was speaking on the night of his New Hampshire primary win. He gripped the podium with both hands, and pronounced "our" like ow-wah and "here" like hee-vuh.

The crowd screamed with excitement.

"We had no campaign organization," Sanders continued. "We had no money, and we were taking on the most powerful political organization in the United States of America. And tonight, with what appee-yuhs to be a recordbreaking voter turnout... because of a YOOGEvoter turnout... and I say yooge! We won."

On February 20, all eyes turned to the Nevada caucus to see if Bernie could turn his fans' enthusiasm into a winning streak. Among Democrats, Nevada's voting population is relatively diverse: 65 percent white, 15 percent black, and 15 percent Latino. Clinton was supposed to have a strong lead there, but the final delegate numbers came in rather close—as of this writing, Clinton winning $52.7\,$ percent of the vote to Sanders's 47.2. Bernie treated the results like a win for momentum regardless, promising a revolution by Super

Tuesday; others treated it like yet another failure for the Democratic underdog. The same weekend, toxic human hot dog Donald Trump cleaned up at the Republican primary in South Carolina, earning 50 delegates with a 10-point lead over Marco Rubio and Ted Cruz.

For what it's worth, I would not call myself a Bernie supporter. I don't trust the cult of national politics enough to align myself with any human being who wants to be president. I

plan on voting for whoever wins the Democratic nomination—because I am not an idiot—but until then. until we know who the nominee is, I will continue to avoid confrontations with rabid fans of either candidate.

That said, something strange happened to me when I watched Bernie Sanders's New Hampshire acceptance speech. In Yiddish, we use a word called kvelling, which in English translates roughly to "feeling happy and proud." But kvelling means much more than that. I've only ever heard my family use kvelling in reference to the accomplishments of their closest loved ones. Kvelling is a combination of pride and

love so strong that it can bring the kveller to tears. Both my parents have kvelled over the fact that I am, you know, alive.

As a 25-year-old American Jew, the only time I had ever truly kvelled was over my younger sister or cousins. But when I watched Bernie Sanders give his acceptance speech that night, I was kvelling so hard, I nearly cried.

Most people are rooting for Bernie for one

big reason: his economic policies. I like those policies, too. But the reason I kvelled watching Bernie's speech touches on something else, something that Bernie rarely mentions: his Jewishness.

When Bernie Sanders, a white-haired Brooklyn

Jew, was up there at a podium flapping his arms about economic inequality, he reminded me of family members across the political spectrum. My Uncle Andrew, who also has a strong Brooklyn accent but small business, fiscally conservative politics. My dad, who's now campaigning for Bernie in Pennsylvania and has devoted his entire Facebook feed to the cause. My aunts, two incredibly warm, strong women who are never afraid to say exactly what's on their minds. And my grandmother, who may be one of the most intimidatingly smart and indefatigably curious

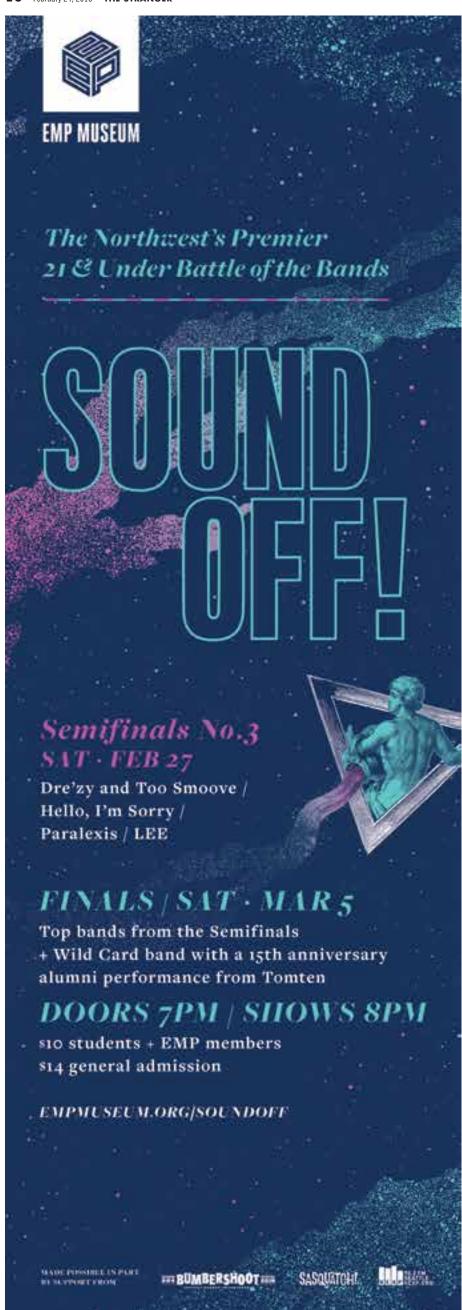
What I saw in Bernie looked familiar to me in a way it might not to most Americans, I saw family

Gal Beckerman echoed a similar sentiment in an op-ed published February 15 in the NewYork Times. "Every time I hear [Bernie's] voice, I am returned to Passover seders where I've often been cornered by one of my uncles pointing a finger at my chest and velling about something very important I must listen to right now," he wrote. "And I know I'm not alone.'

You are not alone, Gal. Bernie could show up at one of my family's loud, argumentative seders and instantly be accepted as kin.

But when I'm not kvelling about Bernie, I find myself struggling with what Bernie what Bernie's Jewishness-means.

That struggle led me to text my dad, a Jew from Brooklyn, and ask him for a favor. It was two days after a Jewish Democratic Socialist from Brooklyn won a presidential primary two historic firsts—and I needed my dad to do something for me.



I needed him to send me the family House Un-American Activities Committee transcripts

1. CANNON FODDER

I have no idea how to spell my great-grandfather's name. According to the records of online family trees, it ranges from Bronstein (like Leon Trotsky's real name) to Braunstein to Brounstein. My dad was just a kid when he used to hang out with his grandfather, but he remembers the names spelled on the buzzer outside his Brooklyn apartment as Harry Brounstein.

Harry Brounstein came over to New York from a shtetl, a small Jewish town or de facto ghetto, in what is now Moldova and used to be called Bessarabia, (At Ellis Island, administrators marked the country down as Romania.) Harry came by boat in 1910 to escape the tumult between Russian revolutions. According to my grandfather, who has since passed away, his father fled Bessarabia because "he didn't want to be cannon fodder for the czar and he didn't want to be cannon fodder for the Bolsheviks."

My grandfather never spoke to me about the virulent anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe at the time his father fled. Harry Brounstein escaped from a country seized by the belief that Jews were part of an international conspiracy against Christianity. A notorious piece of anti-Semitic propaganda, The Protocols of the Elders of Zion, described the minutes of a fabricated meeting among Jewish leaders to perpetuate the conspiracy, and the czarist government distributed it widely to drum up xenophobic, nationalist fervor against Bolshevik revolutionaries—revolutionaries that the czar wanted to associate with Jews.

It worked. Thousands of Jews died in pogroms, or massacres, across Russia in the early 1900s. (For the record, Jews also fought back.) In 1903, the New York Times described a pogrom in Bessarabia, where my great-grandfather was from:

"The Jews were taken wholly unaware and were slaughtered like sheep... The scenes of horror attending this massacre are beyond description. Babies were literally torn to pieces by the frenzied and bloodthirsty mob. The local police made no attempt to check the reign of terror. At sunset the streets were piled with corpses and wounded. Those who could make their escape fled in terror, and the city is now practically deserted of Jews."

Once at a family gathering, a long time ago, I remember someone laughing about the fact that my sister and I had light-colored eyes and freckles. "Someone got raped by a Russian soldier!" a relative suggested, giggling. This is one of the luxuries American Jews have now. We've found ways to remember these traumas as jokes.

Harry Brounstein worked his ass off once he got to the United States, And, like many new Jewish immigrants, he worked in the thriving garment industry in New York's Lower East Side. Eventually, Harry became a labor organizer with the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union (ILGWU), the same group that went on multi-thousand person strikes after 146 shirtwaist makers died in a fire at the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory. At the ILGWU, Harry fought for working conditions that have become the foundation of the modern labor movement.

In 1929, the stock market collapsed. Harry, worried his family wouldn't have enough to eat, made a savvy business decision: He'd open a deli. As a kid, my grandfather and his brother, David, worked at Harry's Delicatessen in Brooklyn, hauling 60-pound bags of potatoes into the kitchen.

Harry had a heavy Russian accent and also wore tefillin, small black boxes with Torah parchment tucked away inside. He fastened them to his head and his left arm with leather straps when he prayed. He was also paranoid about being hunted down by the Soviet government, so in later years he refused to watch TV for fear that spooks would use the TV set to spy on him. My grandfather and his brother grew up listening to the radio.

2. NAMES

My grandfather's name was Saul Brounstein—or it was for the first 17 years of his life. As a teen, he started working as a radio announcer for WNYC, and because of that, he changed his name. In 1940, the radio station didn't think it was a good idea (this according to my father) for someone named Saul Brounstein to be reading the news, so Saul Brounstein became Paul Brownstone. And why would a radio station be afraid of broadcasting an American Jew immediately before and during World War II? While Jews were being herded into cattle cars in Europe, anti-Semitism still ran rampant in the United States. Jews were barred from living in certain neighborhoods, joining white health clubs, or attending certain universities.

David Brounstein, meanwhile, was following a different path. My great-uncle had gone to Brooklyn College at age 16 and got into Cornell University for law. While Saul (now Paul) focused on his radio career, David fell in love, married, and had a child, Douglass, named after Frederick Douglass. David, too, had also changed his name to Brownstone, partly because Harry and his wife, Molly, wanted it that way.

But David was also much more political than Paul. He moved to Buffalo to see if he could start organizing workers and assumed an alias. His son Douglass, a newborn, would receive an alias, too. Doug's father went by Fred Werner, and his mother took the name Trudy Werner. "We basically lived underground, moving every five months," Doug remembered. "And I was their son 'Laddie. Nobody called me Doug until I was 5."

When Doug was 6, his father was subpoenaed to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was 1957, and the committee was no longer at the height of its powers, but it was still destroying lives. Two years later, it would be called "the most un-American thing in the country today" by former president Harry Truman.

3. AMERICAN INNOVATION

The House Un-American Activities Committee, or HUAC, was created to investigate subversive activities on the part of private citizens and organizations suspected of having Communist ties. The committee then proceeded to witch-hunt Communists with hearings that gripped the nation and routinely destroyed the lives and careers of those called before them. By 1957, the Senate had already taken the extraordinary step of censuring the fire-breathing, homophobic, demagogue Joseph McCarthy. McCarthy died the same year that my great-uncle was subpoenaed, and McCarthy's legacy (as well as the committee) would be lampooned for years until it was dismantled in 1975.

My dad was thrilled to share the file with me—especially now, at this moment, I knew the transcript existed, but I'd never read through all of it. My dad was somewhat sheltered from the side of the family that had to go into hiding, and it was only now, in his 58th year, that he was exploring his own activist side in the form of canvassing for Bernie. My dad's dad felt that his brother's political activities deterred him from going into politics, but now my dad was embracing a form of socialism.

Our Jewish socialist—hell, communist relative was persecuted for his political beliefs and activities. But now a Jewish Democratic Socialist had just won the New Hampshire primary and was being taken seriously as a potential president. Sixty years ago, members of my family had to change their names and go into hiding because of their radical politics or their Jewishness or both. In the year 2016, however, this radical Jew had achieved—was achieving—mainstream political success.

The even weirder part? Bernie's Yiddish socialism may be the very thing that makes him so attractive to voters. According to labor historian Daniel Katz, writing in the Forward, Bernie symbolizes "the central tenets of Yiddish Socialism, the dominant political and cultural current among the working-class Jews of Brooklyn where Sanders was born at the end of the Great Depression." Sanders's revolution, Katz writes, is "steeped in a specific tradition, time, and place, does not privilege class warfare over identity politics, or vice versa. This is the key to his growing appeal."

The very thing that makes Bernie Sanders so appealing to so many Americans in 2016 would almost destroy my family in 1957

4. A GOOD WORD

The House Un-American Activities Committee had one goal: to make David "Fred Werner" Brownstone, my great-uncle, admit he was a Communist, and thus, because of his beliefs, implicitly admit to what those legislators viewed as treason.

The transcripts laid out a pretty clear narrative. According to the synopsis of "investigation of Communist activities in the Buffalo, N.Y. Area," David Brownstone worked as a laborer in a steel factory in upstate New York just so he could foment a revolution. He dropped out of school one class shy of a Cornell law degree. He has assumed an alias and used a fake Social Security card in order to find employment in upstate New York factories. An FBI informant ratted him out to the Committee—along with other labor organizers working in the area.

Unlike some of the other people subpoenaed that day, David had a good lawyer by the name of Victor Rabinowitz. The first person called to testify that day, an African American man named Charles Asque, had a public defender who apparently didn't advise Asque to take the Fifth Amendment. (I have no clue what ended up happening to him.) But my great uncle, like many people called before the committee, took the Fifth throughout. But he also went one better—David Brownstone pleaded the First Amendment, too, suggesting that the House Un-American Activities Committee itself ran counter to the Bill of Rights.

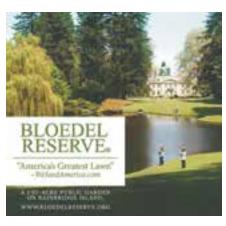
[Richard Arens, House Un-American Activities Committee staff director]: You have not broken from the Communist Party like the man who preceded you on the witness stand, have you?

Mr. Brownstone: Sir, there are many questions which one might like to answer but one's convictions preclude one from cooperating to that extent with this committee, as I do not believe the committee has the right in our democracy to ask me that question. Therefore...

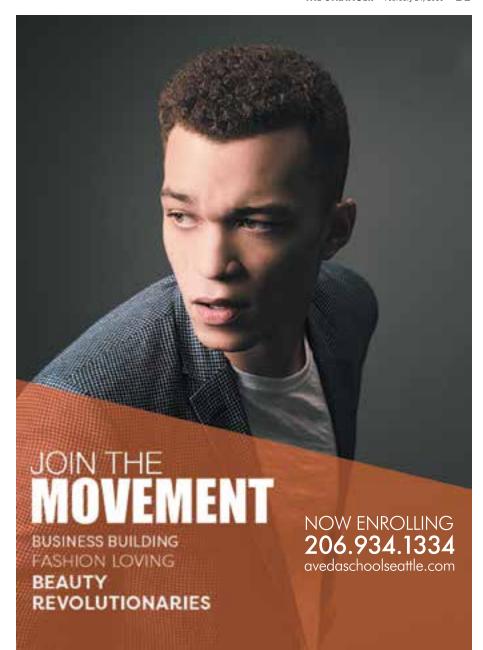
[Edwin Willis (D-Louisiana), subcommittee chairman]: Is that the basis of your refusal?

Mr. Brownstone: Therefore, I refuse on the basis of the First and Fifth Amendments to answer that.

Mr. Willis: Your cute little speech there addressed itself to the First Amendment, but you wind up by invoking the privilege of the Fifth Amendment. The only right to invoke the privilege of the Fifth Amendment is that you have an honest fear that if you would answer a question you would subject yourself to \triangleright



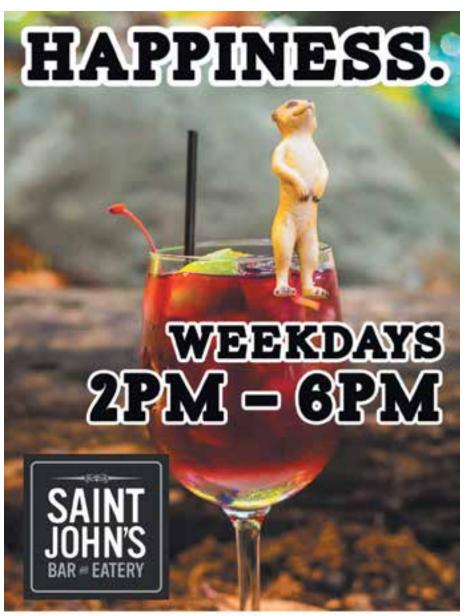












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 \blacktriangleleft criminal proceedings. Do you have that honest fear?

Mr. Brownstone: Sir...

Mr. Willis: Aside from your dislike for this committee?

Mr. Brownstone: Sir, I am interested in shielding myself against an unjust prosecution. Therefore, I invoke both the First and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution in answer to that question.

Mr. Willis: Three witnesses who did not feel like you about it, and who felt an obligation to truthfully answer questions, answered under oath, subjecting themselves to the pains and penalties of perjury if they were not telling the truth, and said that you were a Communist. What are you talking about unjust prosecution if three witnesses swear that you were a Communist? If you want to invoke the privilege of the Fifth Amendment, don't give us the usual act of being cute around here. Are you invoking the protection of the Fifth Amendment because you feel that to honestly answer the questions might subject you to criminal proceedings?

Mr. Brownstone: I am answering under the First and Fifth Amendments of the Constitution. In relation to the Fifth Amendment, I am attempting to shield myself against an unjust prosecution.

Mr. Arens: Would the prosecution of yourself as a Communist be unjust?

(The witness conferred with his counsel.)

Mr. Willis: You found yourself a good word now.

Mr. Brownstone: I beg your pardon? Mr. Willis: You found yourself a good word, that unjust prosecution. Give us an

answer to that last question.

Mr. Brownstone: The last question will be answered in this way: I refuse to answer that question on the basis of the First and Fifth Amendments.

The House Un-American Activities show trials weren't benign. My great uncle's "cute speech" about the First Amendment looks brave on the page, but his behavior after the hearing suggests he got a little spooked. He had reason to be: Many of those called before the committee lost their jobs, became socially isolated. Some were blacklisted and unable to work or support their families. Scores of people committed suicide. After the hearing, David no longer worked to organize laborers. He took a job as a salesman, wrote books about taxes, and even did a stint as a corporate executive. It was only later in life that he dropped that career to write nonfiction books with his partner, Irene. (David, Doug, and Irene also worked together to publish an oral history about the experiences of immigrants to Ellis Island.) According to their son, Doug, David and Irene became partial hermits. writing history books from their home. They included, whenever they could, perspectives that challenged the powers that be.

5. WINNING

David's son's generation—which includes my father—is, for the most part, comfortable, well-educated, middle-class.

Doug didn't grow up knowing what happened to his father with the House Un-American Activities Committee. David never talked about it, possibly because he would, like so many other American Communists. come to distance himself from any association with the Communist Party.

"I didn't even know this until I was 16, and I was going down to the basement in our house and going through an old dresser, and there were all these clippings," Doug said. "I was like, wow...'

When I originally called up Doug to talk about Bernie and our family, I was excited. I lost much of that excitement when, during the same conversation, Doug issued a warning. "If I were to run against [Bernie], I know exactly how to run a dirty campaign to blow him up. He's a socialist. He doesn't believe in God. Maybe because he's a Jew. He's a Satanworshipper in parts of the country. He's an Other. Do I disagree with him? Not at all."

Could there be fallout for Jews in the United States if Bernie is the nominee? To suggest that anti-Semitism (or anti-Semitism-tinged Red-baiting) wouldn't resurface after just a generation of distance is wishful denial. A recent Southern Poverty Law Center report tallied a 14 percent increase in antigovernment and hate groups in the vear 2015. "Donald Trump's demonizing statements about Latinos and Muslims have electrified the radical right, leading to glowing endorsements from white nationalist leaders such as Jared Taylor and former Klansman David Duke," the SPLC reported. In a Daily Show segment that aired in December, Comedy Central correspondent Jordan Klepper asked a sample group of Trump supporters if they'd still back their candidate if he advocated creating "a national registry of Jews." Two out of seven Trump supporters said they would.

Trump's South Carolina win and Doug's fears about Bernie made me think. White-skinned American Jews like Bernie Sanders—and me—currently occupy a place of privilege. Because of this privilege, history shows that radical, secular Jews not only can get angry and agitate, they feel an obligation to. My great-grandfather and my great-uncle $\,$ are only two small examples. Sanders, as a longtime agitator in the Senate, also fills this role. (If you need proof, just go watch that 1995 C-SPAN video in which Bernie slammed a Republican lawmaker from California for using the phrase "homos in the military.")

David Brownstone, my great-uncle, abandoned his earlier activities after the House Un-American Activities Committee hearing. Doug, his son, told me he never wanted to talk about his involvement in the Communist

And that's where secular Jewish privilege reveals its limits. Non-Jewish Bernie Sanders fans love him because he gets angry and flaps his arms like a radical Jewish grandpa at a seder they've never been to. In their minds, he speaks truths that could win an election. And Jewish Bernie fans love him for the same reason. As explained in the NewYork Times, Bernie Sanders also expresses an older politics, one rooted in turn-of-thecentury immigrant living in New York City.

But Jewish families also carry memories of what begins to feel like an inevitable response to our visibility: the dehumanizing, the fleeing, the changing of names, the spreading diaspora.

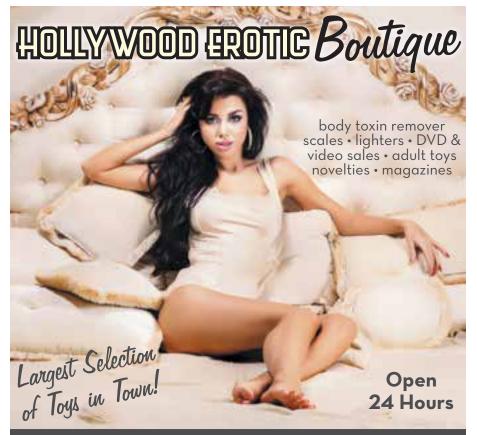
When I pulled up the old House Un-American Activities Committee transcript and reread it last week, I felt a high of recognition. These two moments in history—David Brownstone's testimony before HUAC and Bernie Sanders's speech after his New Hampshire victory—were somehow related, I felt.

I was proud.

But talking to David Brownstone's son reminded me of the personal costs that accompany social progress. As opposed to Donald Trump's fascistic rhetoric about winning, always winning, it seems like, no matter what, radicals like Bernie Sanders tend to lose. I reject the idea that Bernie is unelectable because of his Jewishness, or even his socialism. At the same time, I fear the ignorance and hatred these qualities might trigger in 2016 America.

Winning may not be our strong suit. Then again, maybe that's why we've learned to enjoy the fight. ■





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And Reagan Lee Bolongia, Respondent. No. 15-3-07263-7SEA Summons by Publication (SMPB)

TO THE RESPONDENT: Reagan Lee Bolongia

1. The petitioner has started an action in the above court requesting that your marriage or domestic partnership be dissolved.

3. You must respond to this summons by serving a copy of your written response on the person signing this summons and by filling the original with the clerk of the court. If you do not serve your written response within 60 days after the date of the first publication of this summons (60 days after the 12 day of February, 2016), the court may enter an order of default against you, and the court may, without further notice to you, enter a decree and approve or provide for other relief requested in this summons. In the case of a dissolution, the court will not enter the final decree until at least 90 days after service and filling. If you serve a notice of appearance on the undersigned person filing. If you serve a notice of appearance on the undersigned person, you are entitled to notice before an order of default or a decree may

4. Your written response to the summons and petition must be on 4. Your written response to the summons and petition must be on form WPF DR 01.0300, Response to Petition (Marriage). Information about how to get this form may be obtained by contacting the clerk of the court, by contacting the Administrative Office of the Courts at (360) 705-5328, or from the Internet at the Washington State Courts homepage: http://www.courts.wa.gov/forms

- 5. If you wish to seek the advice of an attorney in this matter, you should do so promptly so that your written response, if any, may be served on time.
- 6. One method of serving a copy of your response on the petitioner is to send it by certified mail with return receipt requested.
- 7. Other: Order for Service of Summons by Publication.

This summons is issued pursuant to RCW 4.28.100 and Superior Court Civil Rule 4.1 of the state of Washington

Gregory J. Maniulit
Signature of Petitioner or Lawyer/WSBA No.
File original of your response with the clerk of the court at
Clerk of the Court at:

King County Superior Court 516 Third Avenue, E609 Seattle, WA 98104

Serve a copy of your response on: Petitioner (you may list an address Serve a copy or your residential address where you agree to accept legal documents. Any time this address changes while this action is pending, you must notify the opposing parties in writing and file an updated Confidential Information Form (WPF DRPSCU 09.0200) with the court

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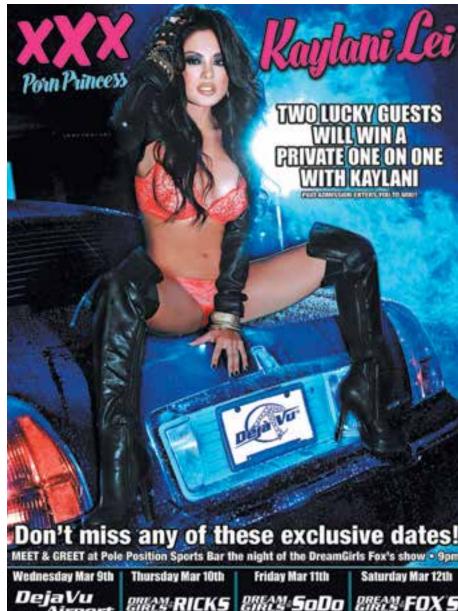
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SAVAGE LOVE

Crosswords by dan savage

Gay, thirtysomething male in DC. My boyfriend of three years has been acting $strange-not\ taking\ his\ antidepression\ meds,$ says he's feeling weird. He has withdrawn from me, sleeps 15 hours a day, and has been canceling on commitments to socialize with friends. That I am fine with—he's blue and I

get it. Here's why I'm writing: He was doing an online crossword, $and \ when \ he \ got \ up, \ I \ was \ going \ to$ $write\ a\ message\ in\ it--to\ be\ funny$ and sweet. What I saw messed me up. There was a browser window open about meth and depression. He is 48 and successful, and isn't a clubber or party-going type. METH? What the hell? I snooped further, and there was a detailed search history on meth, meth and

depression, meth and sex. He doesn't seem to have been high around me—and I would never use meth, it's not my thing and I have a security clearance (no drugs for me, ever)—but I don't want to date an addict. I don't want to be with someone who would take such a dumb risk. And for what? Dude! You're 48, you have a career, a $business, \ and \ a \ guy \ who \ cares for \ you! \ WTF?!?$ I know what you'll say: Use your words—and, trust me, I will. But am I totally crazy? I feel shitty for having snooped, but it started innocently enough with me wanting to write a goofy $note\ on\ his\ crossword\ puzzle.$

Snoop Now All Fucked Up

Meth addicts aren't known for sleeping 15hours a day, SNAFU. Meth addicts aren't known for sleeping at all. So perhaps your boyfriend abused meth before you met-and there's no using meth, only abusing meth-and conquered his addiction and/or stopped abusing meth years ago. And now he's depressed and off his meds, and he went online to investigate whether his past meth abuse could be contributing to his current depression.

As for the snooping angle...

When we snoop, we sometimes find out things we don't want to know, don't need to know, and don't need to do anything about. For example, the new boyfriend has a few sexts from his ex tucked away on his computer, your dad is cheating on his third wife, your adult daughter is selling her used panties online. But sometimes we find out things we needed to know and have to do something about. For example, your 14-year-old daughter is planning to meet up with a 35-year-old man she met on Instagram, your "straight" boyfriend is having unsafe sex with dozens of men behind your back, your spouse is planning to vote for Ted Cruz—in those cases, you have to intervene, break up, and file for civil commitment, respectively.

Learning your depressed-and-off-his-meds boyfriend may have—or may have had—a meth problem falls into the needed to know/have to do something about category. So, yeah, SNAFU, $\,$ you gotta use your words. Go to your boyfriend, tell him what you discovered and how you discovered it, and demand an explanation while offering to help. Urge him to see his doctor whoever prescribed the antidepressants he stopped taking—and go into the convo armed with a list of the resources available to him.

"We're lucky to have a lot of great resources in DC," said David Mariner, executive director of the DC Center for the LGBT Community (the dccenter.org). "The Triangle Club (triangleclub.org) is an LGBT recovery house, and they host all sorts of 12-step meetings. Crystal Meth Anonymous is really active here. And we're just kicking off a harm-reduction group here at the DC Center."

I asked Mariner if your boyfriend sounded

to him like someone currently abusing meth.
"I'm not an expert," Mariner replied, "but he doesn't sound like it to me. He may be having a hard time talking to his boyfriend about this because for folks who have a history of meth use, sex can be tricky. Meth use and sexual activity are often so intertwined that it can

make it hard to talk to a partner."

Finally, SNAFU, don't make it harder for your partner to be honest with you by threatening to break up with him. You don't have to remain in a relationship with an addict, if indeed he is an addict, forever. But start by showing him compassion and offering support.

You can make up your mind about your future—whether you have one together-during a subsequent conversation.

I'm a 36-year-old hetero male, into BDSM and polyamory. I've been drinking deep from the bowels of the internet lately, getting laid more than I ever thought was possible. I'm open about the fact that I fuck around a lot and

that monogamy would never work for me. I use condoms with everyone except my primary partner, and I abide by your campsite rule. I don't want to be anyone's wonderful husband; I want to be the Casanova who climbs in through the window. Last week, the internet was good at delivering. Usually I can talk to 10 women who all seem interested, but in the end, only one or two want to actually meet. But last week, I had sex five times in five days with five different women. And that just made me feel awesome, turned on, and wonderful. Is there a term for someone who gets turned on by finding new people to have sex with? Have I discovered a new kink? Is there a name for people like me? If there is, I couldn't find it. Google failed me. Can a person have a kink for finding new sex partners? What would it be called? Or am I just a slutty man-whore?

Dude Drinking Deep

I don't think "drinking deep from the bowels of [blank]" is a good way to describe something you enjoy, DDD. Watching a GOP debate? Perhaps best described as drinking deep from the bowels of the terrifying American id. Enjoying consensual sex with people you're into? Better described as "drinking deep from Aphrodite's honeyed mouth" or "licking Adonis's jizz off Antinous's tits" or simply "killing it"—really, anything would be an improvement.

As for what your kink is called...

"What DDD describes is consistent with a motivational style once called Don Juan syndrome," said Dr. David Ley, author and clinical psychologist. "It has also been called Casanova or James Bond syndrome. Essentially, these are folks most excited by the quest/hunt for novelty in sex partners. This was once viewed as deeply dysfunctional from a heteronormative, monogamy-idealizing therapeutic culture. What I appreciate about DDD is that, even though he uses sex-addiction language, it's clear he has accepted himself and his desire. I'd say he has adapted fairly well, and responsibly, to that tendency in himself."

I just posted a new word on the Physician Moms Facebook group and was told that I should send it to you. I got tired of hearing "She's got balls," so I made up a new word, clitzpah (klit-spe) noun: a woman with guts!

Origin of clitzpah: clitoris (kli-te-res) noun: an organ of the female genitalia, the purpose of which is purely to bring women pleasure, and chutzpah (hu t-spe) noun: a Yiddish term for $courage\ bordering\ on\ arrogance.$

I hope this is useful! Jill Becker, clitzpah.com

It's a lovely word, Jill—and I'm happy to help you roll it out! ■

On the Lovecast. Dan and a doc from Planned Parenthood answer your medical questions: savagelovecast.com.

> mail@savagelove.net@fakedansavage on Twitter

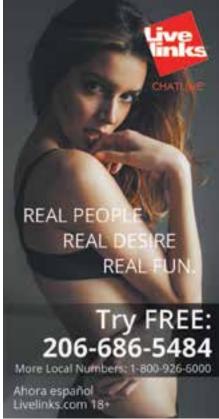


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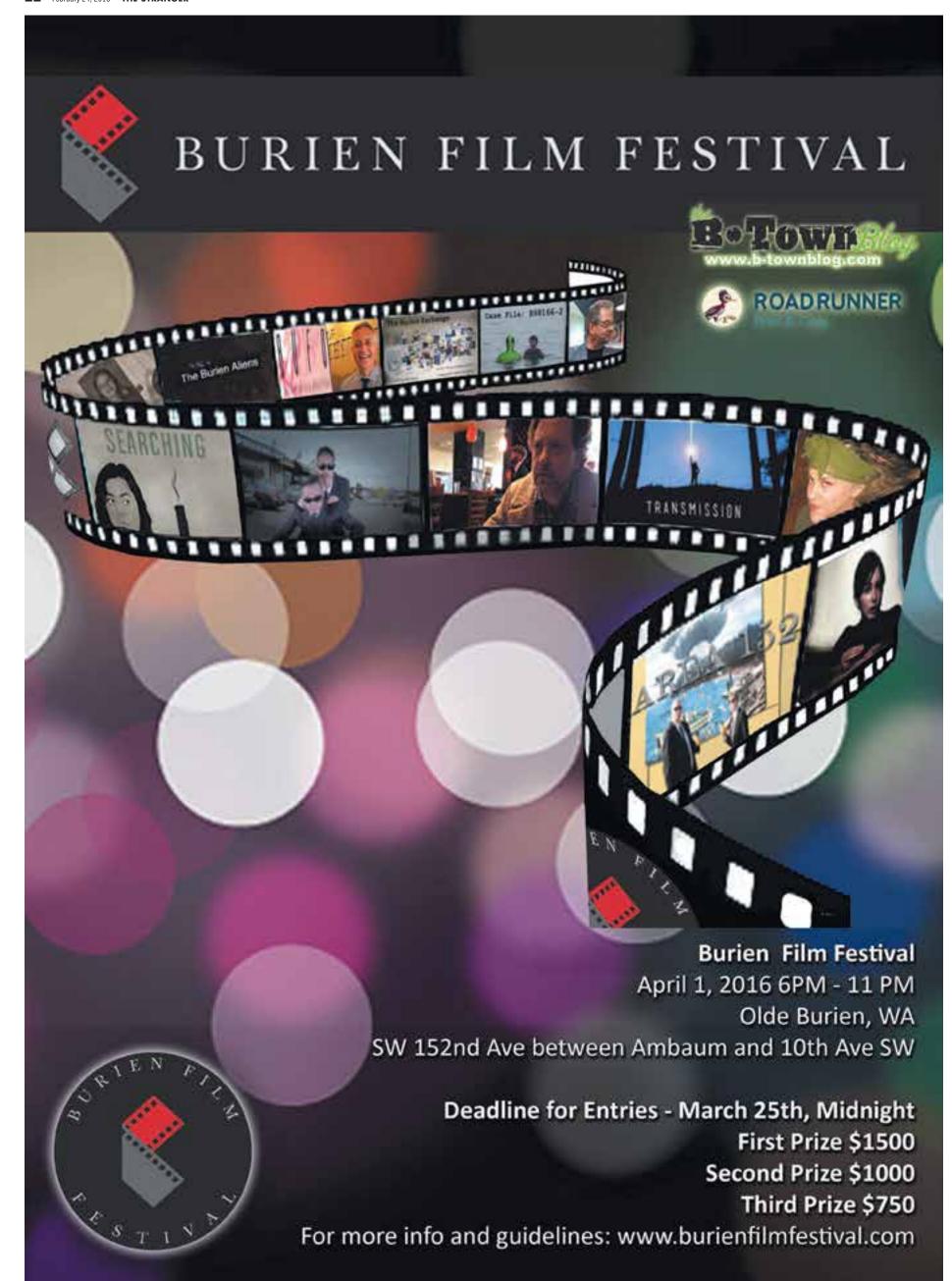












THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

All the Events The Stranger Suggests This Week Find the complete calendar of things to do in Seattle at strangerthingstodo.com StrangerTTD Stranger Things To Do



Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ

DON'T MISS Stewart Copeland is many things. He is the son of a CIA agent. He is a drummer who rose to fame in the late 1970s as a member of the reggae-rock group the Police. He is also a really talented composer

of soundtracks. Indeed, the only good thing about Francis Ford Coppola's Rumble Fish is Copeland's score. He also composed music for Wall Street, Riff-Raff, and Gridlock'd, a film that adds much weight to the argument that Tupac was a better actor than rapper. Copeland also wrote music for Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ, a silent film made a very long time ago (1925). As a part of STG's popular Silent Movie Mondays, Copeland and the Seattle Rock Orchestra will perform

this score, which is as rich and bold as the ancient images. This event should not be missed. (Paramount Theatre, Mon Feb 29, 7 pm, \$25.50-\$65) CHARLES MUDEDE

We also recommend...

45 Years: SIFF Cinema Uptown & Sundance

Cinemas

The Big Short: Various locations Carol: SIFF Cinema Uptown & Varisty Cartoon Happy Hour: Central Cinema, Thurs Feb 25, 5-7 pm, free

Edge of Tomorrow: Scarecrow Video, Fri Feb 26, 8 pm, free

Hail, Caesar!: Various locations Ma Vie En Rose: Scarecrow Video, Thurs

Feb 25, 7 pm, free The Maltese Falcon: Varsity Theater, Wed

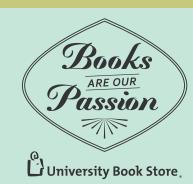
Feb 24, 7 pm, \$10.50

Morphine: Journey of Dreams: Northwest













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UPCOMING READINGS & TALKS

ELLIOTT BAY BOOK COMPANY

2/24 | Shawna Yang Ryan

A CONTEMPORARY THEATRE

2/25 | Short Takes: The World of Emily **Dickinson**

CENTRAL LIBRARY

2/26 | Damon Tweedy: Black Man in a White Coat

SORRENTO HOTEL

3/I | Ask the Oracle

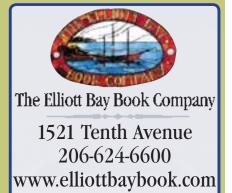
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THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

Film Forum, Wed Feb 24, 7:30 pm, \$11 Mulholland Drive: Central Cinema, Feb 26-March 2, \$8

Night Moves: Scarecrow Video, Sat Feb 27, 8 pm, free

The Revenant: Various locations

The Sprocket Society presents Saturday Secret Matinees: Grand Illusion, Sat Feb 27, 2 pm, \$9, through March 26

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

we do it to one another

DON'T MISS Tracy K. Smith is the knockout poet who wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning collection of poetry Life on Mars in 2011. Life on Mars is apocalyptic and erudite, a body of poetry wearing a nonfiction jacket. ("These were the Reagan years, / When we lived with our finger on The Button and struggled / To view our enemies as children.") Joshua Roman is the knockout cellist who was commissioned to turn the book into a song cycle; he called it we do it to one another. Soprano Jessica Rivera (conducted by Roman himself) will perform, then Smith and Roman will sit and talk to each other about the creative process, music, and poetry. (Town Hall, Thurs Feb 25, 7:30 pm, \$20) **JEN GRAVES**

We also recommend...

Critical Issues in Contemporary Art Practice: Amelia Saul: Henry Art Gallery,

Thurs Feb 25, 7 pm, free

Dialogue: Curator David Anfam and Director Ben Heywood: Pivot Art + Culture, Thurs Feb 25, 6 pm, \$5

An Intimate Evening with Anthony Fantano: UW Kane Hall, Tues March 1, 7 pm, \$10 (free for UW students, staff, and faculty) Speakeasy Series: The Color of Dance

- History of Black Dance in Seattle: Founders Theater, Sun Feb 28, 5-6:30 pm,

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FOOD & DRINK

Nom Nom

DON'T MISS Here's something that's easy to get behind, cutesy name and all: Nom Nom, a one-day dining-out fundraiser to help kids eat good food and be healthy. Go out to eat at one of the 30-plus participating restaurants throughout the city (including Kedai Makan, Le Pichet, Mamnoon, Salted Sea, and Skillet), and they'll donate a portion of their sales to organizations that teach kids how to grow and cook food, read nutrition labels carefully, and be physically active. As a bonus, chefs are creating healthy, kid-friendly specials for the day, so you won't be stuck feeding your child the usual kid's menu suspects like chicken fingers or mac 'n' cheese. As a mother who is required to dine out all the time (and catches a fair amount of side eye from other diners for bringing a toddler), I encourage all parents and small people to dine out without fear of self-consciousness. Tonight the restaurant world is ours. (Various locations around Seattle, Thurs Feb 25) ANGELA GARBES

We also recommend...

\$10 Pizza Mondays: Cafe Lago, Mon Feb 29, 5 pm

Caviar Tasting: Seattle Caviar Company,

Thurs Feb 25, 5-7 pm, \$30

Chocolate Happy Hour: Chocolopolis, Thurs Feb 25, 5-9 pm, free

Free Wine on 15th: European Vine Selections, Sat Feb 27, 3-6 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at Champion Wine Cellars: Champion Wine Cellars, Sat Feb 27, 12-5 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at DeLaurenti: DeLaurenti, Sat Feb 27, 2-4 pm, free

Guest Chef Night: Nick Novello: Fare-Start, Thurs Feb 25, 5:30-8 pm, \$30 Paella Night: Terra Plata, Mon Feb 29, 5

pm, \$15 Rough Draft No. 2: Gage Academy of Art, Sat Feb 27, 6:45 pm, \$100

Sake Nomi's Wii Wednesdays: Sake Nomi, Wed Feb 24, 6 pm

Seattle Burger Month 2016: Edouardo Jordan: Li'l Woody's, through Feb 29 Snouts & Stouts: Little Water Cantina, Sun

Sunday Pig Roast: Bell + Whete, Sun Feb 28, 5 pm, \$24 per person

Taco Wednesdays: Roanoke Park Place Tavern, \$1 each, Wed Feb 24, 4 pm-2 am Tiki Night: Rumba, Wed Feb 24 Wii Wednesdays: Sake Nomi, Wed Feb 24, 6 pm, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Complex Exchange: Tradition | Innovation

DON'T MISS How do artists today relate to their own cultural traditions, or the traditions of others? At this point, what's considered innovative—technology? Why? With violinist Quinton Morris, technologist Zithri Saleem, and writer and painter Barbara Earl Thomas, tonight's talk should be a spirited conversation about innovation and tradition as it relates to the super-subjects of race, power, and the politics of representation in the art at SAM (Kehinde Wiley: A New Republic, with its variations on Old Master themes) and at NAAM (The Harmon & Harriet Kelley Collection, with its older generations of artists). This is the first in a series of conversations about those supersubjects, co-organized by SAM and NAAM and titled Complex Exchange. They've lined up great speaker-thinkers, and I hope they think big, noisemaking thoughts out loud. (Northwest African American Museum, Wed Feb 24, 7 pm, free) JEN GRAVES

We also recommend...

ART EVENTS

Artist Trust 2016 Benefit Art Auction: Fisher Pavilion, Sat Feb 27, 5-10 pm, \$250-\$3500

Mindfulness Meditation at the Frve: Frye Art Museum, Wed Feb 24, 12:30 pm,

Seattle Makers Market: Sole Repair, Sun Feb 28, 1-4 pm, free

MUSEUMS

Ai Weiwei: Fault Line: San Juan Islands Museum of Art (SJIMA), Friday Harbor, Fri-Mon, \$10, through April 11

The Atomic Frontier: Black Life in Hanford, WA: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through March 6 Brenna Youngblood: abstracted realities: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20,

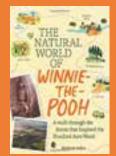
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V.E. Schwab

A Gathering of Shadows (Tor)
Tuesday, March 2 at 7pm @ LFP

Schwab's fantastic follow-up to her *A Darker Shade of Magic* returns to the linked alternate realities of London. Featuring authors Jason M. Hough, Kerry Schafer and A.R. Mahler



Kathryn Aalto

The Natural World of Winnie-The-Pooh: A Walk Through the Forest That Inspired the Hundred Acre Wood (Storey) Wednesday, March 3 at 7pm @ LFP

Featured on NPR's All Things Considered, Aalto's book delves into the home of the world's most beloved bear. *The Natural World of Winnie-the-Pooh* explores the magical landscapes where Pooh, Christopher Robin, and their friends live and play.



Sean Beaudoin

Welcome Thieves (Algonquin) Wednesday, March 9 at 7pm @ Ravenna

"A deviously spellbinding collection of short stories in which strange and beautiful worlds, creations of Sean Beaudoin's dark and sometimes brutal imagination, emerge as part of a tapestry so finely woven that we don't see the thread. In the end, we can only stand in awe of Beaudoin's immense talent. " - Garth Stein, author of A Sudden Light.

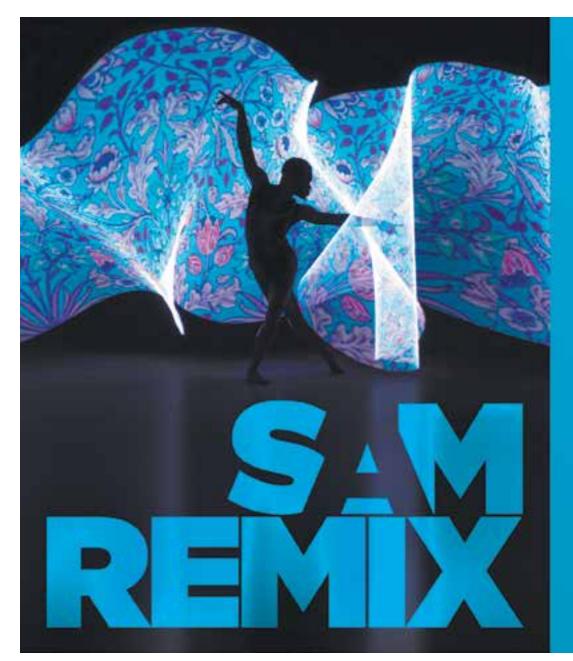


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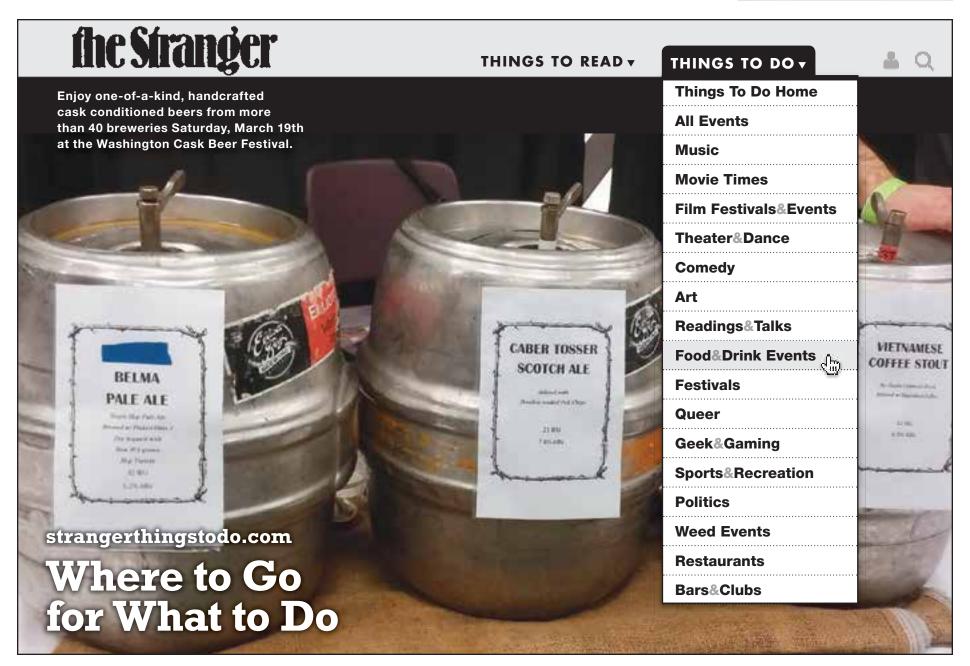


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THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

through April 17

Constructs: Installations by Asian Pacific American Women Artists: Wing Luke Museum, Tues-Sun, \$15, through April 17 Cris Bruch: Others Who Were Here: Frye Art Museum, Tues-Sun, free, through March 27

The Duchamp Effect: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through Aug 14

Emblems of Encounter: Europe and Africa Over 500 Years: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, ongoing

Franz Erhard Walther: The Body Draws: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through March 6

The Harmon & Harriet Kelley Collection of African American Art: Works on Pa-

per: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through April 17

James Turrell's Light Reign: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10 Kehinde Wiley: A New Republic: Seattle

Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through May 8 Martha Rosler: Below the Surface: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through

July 4 **Paradox of Place: Contemporary Korean**

Art: Asian Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$9, through March 13

Sam Vernon: Olympic Sculpture Park, free, through March 6

GALLERIES

At Large: G. Gibson Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through Feb 27

Ben Gannon: Plastic Beach: SugarPill, through March 6, free

Darius X: A Boy Named Soo: Gallery4Culture, Mon-Fri, free, through Feb 25

Dylan Neuwirth: Not a Hologram: Glass Box Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through Feb 27 **EVOLUTION: Art, Science & Adaptation:** Seymour Conservatory, Tacoma, Tues-Sun, free, through March 6

Fabrice Monteiro: Maroons: Mariane Ibrahim Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through March 12

The Figure in Process: de Kooning to Kapoor, 1955 - 2015: Pivot Art + Culture, Tues-Sun, \$5, through Feb 28

If You Lived Here Still: Home Front: The New Foundation Seattle, Thurs-Sat, free, through March 26

In Search of Conjunctions: The Alice, Saturday, free, through Feb 27

Joan Tanner: The False Spectator: Suyama Space, Mon-Fri, free, through April

Lynne Woods Turner: bend/fold/open: Greg Kucera Gallery, Feb 25-April 2, free Maja Petric: Studio 99, Redmond, free,

through Feb 29 Mario Lemafa: last resort: Interstitial, Sat, free, through April 2

Matika Wilbur: Project 562: The Hibulb Cultural Center and Natural History Preserve, Tulalip, Tues-Sun, \$10, through Jun 11

Norman Lundin: Spaces: Inside and Outside: Greg Kucera Gallery, Feb 25-April 2 free

Rick Araluce: The Great Northern: Mad-Art, Wed-Sat, free, through Feb 27

Ross Sawyers: The Jungle: Platform Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through March 26 Roy Dowell: James Harris Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through April 2

Ryan Molenkamp & Kentree Speirs: Linda Hodges Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through Feb 27

Salt/Water: Photographic Center Northwest, Sat-Thurs, free, through April 3 Sign of the Times: Seattle Presents Gallery, Tuesday, 12-2 pm, free, through March 11 Steffani Jemison: Sol: Jacob Lawrence

Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through Feb 27 Tessa Hulls: In the Eye of the Storm: Ghost Gallery, Tues-Sun, free, through

Trimpin: Hear We Are: Winston Wachter Fine Art, Mon-Sat, free, through March 9 Zack Bent: Spires: Seattle Pacific University Art Center Gallery, Mon-Fri, free, through Feb 26

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

PERFORMANCE

March 6

Seattle Fringe Festival

DON'T MISS Seattle Fringe Festival showcases local talent that doesn't often get play on larger stages. This a good thing for several reasons: (1) You get to see fun shows you may have missed throughout the year, such as Sara Porkalob's one-person performance The Dragon Lady, a hilarious and surprising romp through the life of a Filipina gangster. (2) There's a bunch of weird stuff you're more likely to embrace in a festival-type setting than in an evening at the thea-tah-type setting, such as the Libertinis' Uncle Seagull, a "mash-up of burlesque, clown, dance, and drama" that they describe as a "love letter and ransom note to your favorite turn-ofthe-century Russian poet Anton Chekhov!" (3) You can check out new work, such as newcomer Tré Calhoun's Dirt + Dew, a oneact play about a guy who employs a mud suit in a summer-camp seduction. This year, the festival expands its sphere of madness, encompassing playhouses in both Capitol Hill and Queen Anne. (Various locations, Feb 25-March 5, \$10. See the complete schedule at strangerthingstodo.com) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

9 to 5: The Musical: Seattle Musical Theatre at Magnuson Park, Fri-Sun, \$20-\$35, through March 13

Assassins: ACT Theatre, Feb 27- May 8. \$20-\$60

Constellations: Seattle Repertory Theatre, Wed-Sat, \$34-\$67, through Feb 27

DANCE, DANCE: Moore Theatre, Feb 25-28, \$37.50-\$47.50

Romeo and Juliet: Seattle Immersive Theatre, Thurs-Sun, \$70, 8 pm, through March

COMEDY

Comedy Nest Open Mic: Jill Maragos:

Rendezvous, Tues March 1, 8 pm, \$5 Michael Che: Columbia City Theater, Thurs Feb 25, 9 pm, \$20/\$25, 21+

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

QUEER

We recommend...

Bearaoke: Cuff, Tues March 1, 8 pm, free,

Cuff Country Fridays: Cuff, Fri Feb 26, 7 pm. free, 21+

DJ Night: Cuff, Feb 26-27, free, 21+ I Hate Karaoke: Pony, Tues March 1, 9 pm, free, 21+

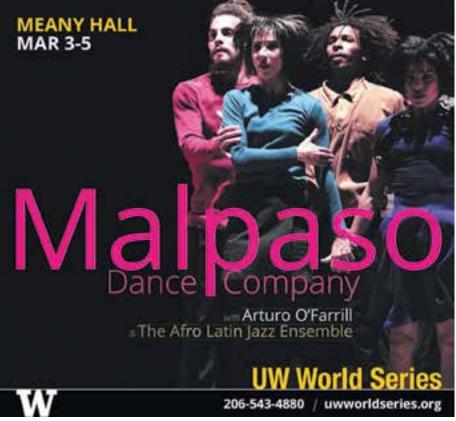
Mimosas with Mama: Narwhal, Sun Feb 28, 1 pm, \$25

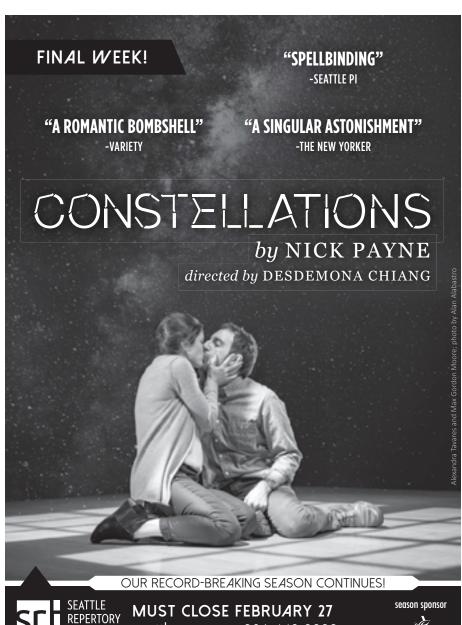
Robbie Turner's Playground: R Place, Wed Feb 24, free, 21+

Wildrose Karaoke: Wildrose, Wed Feb 24,

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com











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THINGS TO DO MUSIC Noteworthy Shows This Week

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WEDNESDAY 2/24

Stickers, Boyfriends, Display

(Chop Suey) When speaking of Stickers, Gabi Page-Fort's raspy-gnar punk poetry and free-jazz saxophone blasts are a great place to begin. With beautiful force, Page-Fort's lyrics brush uneasily, like petting a cat the wrong way, forcing listeners to confront the dark corners of her thought-space in the same way they are forced to recon with her squealing sax. Beside her, guitarist Colin Dawson and bassist Troy Ayala, whose industrial shudder made coffins twitch with the late, great Haunted Horses, churn out a tar-thick tangle of noise against Emily Denton's caustic drum smashes. Get there early to see fancy-dancing Seattle foursome Boyfriends, who have the sunny charm of a sparser, more garagey Vampire Weekend. TODD HAMM

Blessthefall, Miss May I, the Plot in You, Sirens and Sailors, a War Within (Neumos, all ages) I wonder if At the Gates

ever feel guilty. If it weren't for their 1995 opus Slaughter of the Soul directly influencing the first huge wave of American "metalcore" bands like Killswitch Engage and Atrevu, who took the Gothenburg sound and added huge saccharine-crusted singsongy hooks, things wouldn't have devolved to this point. Today's most popular metalcore acts—Blessthefall and Miss May I being two of the major players—sound like Fall Out Boy playing around with rejected Meshuggah and In Flames riffs. Much like a Xerox of a Xerox, it just gets messier and messier as it goes down the cycle. **KEVIN DIERS**

Pat Martino Trio

(Jazz Alley, all ages) For more than 50 years (save for a stretch in 1980 when he suffered a brain aneurysm and lost much of his memory and had to learn how to play from scratch). Pat Martino has been one of jazz's most preternaturally smooth and fluid guitarists. On albums like El Hombre, East!. Baiyina (The Clear Evidence), Desperado, Consciousness, and Joyous Lake, Martino flaunts masterly pointillist/impressionist

motifs that flow and curl with impeccable tone and logic. Whether at a swift or languid tempo, Martino's guitar playing and composing exude sophisticated emotional profundity. Recent reports and video footage reveal that Martino still has the virtuoso bravura of his peak years. His current trio includes Hammond B3 player Pat Bianchi and drummer Carmen Intorre. DAVE SEGAL

THURSDAY 2/25

Crater, Briana Marela, DJ Sharlese, DJ RPAL

(Chop Suey) Seattle's Crater—core members Kessiah Gordon (drums, samples) and Ceci Gomez (vocals, synths, samples)—sound poised on their debut album, Talk to Me So I Can Fall Asleep, to make waves in the indie mainstream. While some of their early material flirted with industrial dissonance, they've cleaned up their sound a bit for this full-length. The predominant style is dance pop with creamy, dreamy vocals and melodies that push emotional buttons in a familiar, pleasant manner, with IDM-ish

weirdness happening on the peripheries. On "Habits Die Slow" and "Brew," heavy, distorted guitar and synth intrude on a Natasha Kmeto-esque torch songs while on "Gross Relations," a huge, pummeling quasitechno beat cuts a moody swath through an Echo & the Bunnymen-like rock anthem. It's when Crater go off on tangents like these that they strike the most interesting chords. Your local radio station program director may disagree, however. DAVE SEGAL

OK Hotel Family Reunion

(Royal Room, Feb 25-28, all ages) Incessantly talking about the past is Seattle's Zika virus, I know. AND YET, once upon a time, the OK Hotel was the best this city had to offer. All ages when that cost something, the Pioneer Square enclave hosted many of the greatest shows I will ever see. Then the Nisqually earthquake ruined everything. Now, 15 years later, the OK's proprietors are getting the band back together at the Royal Room for a four-day memory lane fun run. Featured artists include: Metal Men, Rockin'

Continued ▶















THINGS TO DO MUSIC

Teenage Combo, Kitchen Radio, El Steiner, the Rollyulvas (Thursday): Tom Price Desert Classic, Alcohol Funny Car, Coffin Break, Love Battery, Guardian Alien (Friday); Macaw, Spectar (former Action Buddy singer), MKB Ultra (Mia Boyle), Fred Roth Revue (former Imij members), Sage (Saturday); and Pigpen with Matt Cameron and special guests (Sunday). Those who remember might want to line up early. SEAN NELSON

Joe Satriani

(Paramount, all ages) As far as rock-star nicknames go, I think guitar prodigy Joe Satriani drew the short straw. People call him "The Alien." which lacks either the brute force of something like "The Ox" (John Entwistle) or the swaggering authority that comes with "The Boss" (Bruce Springsteen). Most of us have a boss and have seen what an ox looks like, but nobody has seen an alien. An alien could be anything, and in that sense it's a fitting moniker, because Satriani can make a guitar sound like virtually anything, from heavy blues rock to metamorphic electric jazz. If you're expecting great songs, go elsewhere, but if guitarplaying-as-spectacle sounds like a ride you want to take, Satriani is piloting the mother ship. **JOSEPH SCHAFER**

Bad Luck, Dex Amora, Bubbles and Bananas, JCB WST

(Lo-Fi) Dex Amora's spiritually uplifting hiphop has been winning him deserved fans around town since his arrival from his native Minnesota a few years ago, and his placement on this bill, headlined by experimental jazz duo Bad Luck (drummer Chris Icasiano and saxophonist Neil Welch), is a testament to the wide appeal of Amora's music, which artfully bridges the gap among the Soulguarians, the Aguemini, and the Native Tongues schools. Bellevue's JCB WST is a little less polished but makes up for it with that special hunger unique to rap upstarts, with an appealing tendency toward the stranger filtered beats popularized by Mike Will Made It. Tonight also introduces the new project of Industrial Revelation bassist Evan Flory-Barnes and superlative clarinetist Beth Fleenor, which they've decided (correctly) to christen Bubbles and Bananas **KYLE FLECK**

FRIDAY 2/26

Basia Bulat, the Weather Station

(Barboza) Actress Tamara Lindeman's musical project, the Weather Station, isn't new, and 2015's Lovaltv wasn't her first album. but it gave the Toronto artist a foothold in the United States. It helps that she has such an arresting voice. The intimacy of folk and the finesse of jazz (delicate guitar figures, hushed drums) provide sympathetic accompaniment for her supple alto. There's a little Sandy Denny here, a little Joni Mitchell there, but she makes greater use of space, more like the ambient cosmology of Cowboy Junkies than the slow-motion wooze of Mazzy Star (the ghost of Glen Campbell's "Gentle on My Mind" also haunts the new record). Four albums into her career, singer and autoharp player Basia Bulat draws from similar genres for her lush, expansive sound. **KATHY FENNESSY**

F-Holes, Comedy of Terrors, **Demolition Kings**

(Slim's Last Chance) Goddamn, if this ain't a proper Slim's show: three bands, all local, and all playing raucous rock 'n' roll! Openers the Demolition Kings are a melodic, slightly high-energy rockin' punk group. and I gotta nod to the frontman's vox. They're a perfect example of how "raw and shredded" oughta be done. Second on the bill, Comedy of Terrors are NOT a comedic revamp of the old SoCal punk band Tales of Terror (sorry guys, it's just where my record-nerd brain first went), but rather a solid, heavy, late-'80s-style metal group. Headliners F-Holes are, dare I say, a smart and (ahem) "songwriterly," kickass punk group, and live they're driving as a mofo. **MIKE NIPPER**

Squall: Jabon, Kblanq, Expert System, DJ Maire

(Kremwerk) The music of Seattle's Jabon recalls the trance-inducing mindscapes of artists like Stag Hare and maybe Woob. but with a more technological bent to the Zen-like grooves and anarcho-primitive percussion. There are beautiful little wisps of Basic Channel dub synths firing in the background of the track "Now What Do I Do?" for example, plus a gorgeous ambient comedown on the mesmerizing "Torrential Garage." It's a little hippie-dippy, sure, but if you're in the right, possibly stoned, headspace for it, the stuff works like gangbusters. Opener Kblang skews toward the sounds of malfunction and dystopia, sending swells of digitalia through a wormhole of effects and pitch shifts: classic Squall material, basically. **KYLE FLECK**

Galactic

(Showbox, all ages) Everyone's favorite New Orleans iam band is back, no doubt revitalized by this month's Mardi Gras celebration. With 20 years of recording behind them, Galactic have honed a polyglot approach to moving bodies and inspiring smiles, as they cook up a bouillabaisse of funk, blues, rock, jazz, and hiphop while strutting with marching-band brio. Their most recent album, 2015's Into the Deep, is a slick reiteration of their strengths and includes quest vocals by Macy Gray and Mavis Staples. It's doubtful those distinctive divas will join the group tonight, but Galactic are such a galvanizing live enterprise, that should be a moot point. DAVE SEGAL

The Music of Led Zeppelin: A Rock Symphony with the Seattle Symphony

(Benaroya Hall, all ages) Whoever woulda reckoned the Seattle Symphony might tackle the sweaty bombast of Led Zeppelin? Okay, FINE, there ARE a clutch of Zep tracks with strings, and I'm sure they'll trot out "Kashmir," but I'm more interested to hear what songs they'll otherwise play. I'd hope maybe Zep's dynamic rearrangement of the Anne Bredon-penned "Babe I'm Gonna Leave You" or the proggy "Four Sticks"? Oh, along with the symphony there will be a band featuring Randy Jackson, who fronts the hair-metal band Zebra. As a record nerd, I'm most curious to hear any Zep tracks rearranged into any kind of "hippie suite" suitable for inclusion on an old soundtrack. say from a random *Mannix* episode. **MIKE**

Brothers of the Empty Tomb. Chebon Tiger, Yada Yada Blues Band

(Highway 99 Blues Club) When he's not









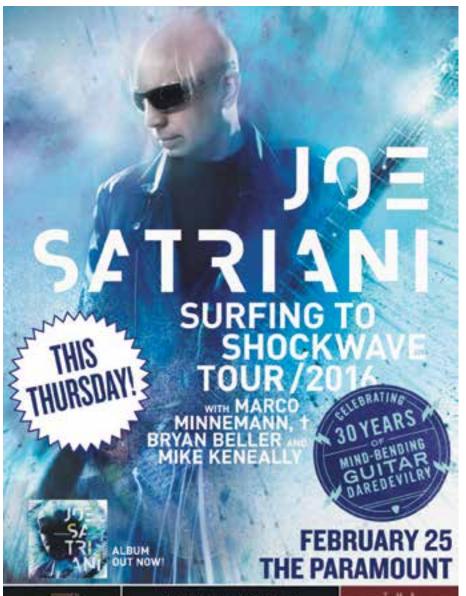




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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

taking listeners on monastic, otherworldly trips with Master Musicians of Bukkake, guitarist/vocalist Milky Burgess floats back to earth as leader of Yada Yada Blues Band. His rotating cast of ringers includes MMOB drummer/Earth bassist Don McGreevy, McTuff keyboardist Joe Doria, freelance sax maverick Skerik, and Wheedle's Groove organ player Johnny Horn (who also helms the Preachin' the Blues show on KEXP). Together these skillful veterans mine obscure blues numbers from the 1960s and '70s, providing a valuable historical service to a city that's not exactly overrun with live blues nights that dig deep. DAVE SEGAL

SATURDAY 2/27

Ringo Deathstarr, Future Death, Chrome Lakes

(Sunset) Judging from their most recent album, last year's Pure Mood, Texan shoegazers Ringo Deathstarr have moved away from the Jesus and Mary Chain-indebted, feedbackheavy bliss-shreds found on their 2009 debut, Sparkler, to a more layered, Lush-like, sweet and driving pop-gaze sound. Whereas early jams like "Some Kind of Sad" and "So High" were heavy on jangly post-punkisms—more intentionally messy and romantically lilting with a Reid brothers-endorsed sense of disjointed melodicism—Pure Mood delivers more bass-centric, soft/loud grunge influence. Despite their reputation as unrepentant My Bloody Valentine worshippers, this vital, energetic release is preferable to their shoegazing predecessors' latest effort, the somewhat uninspired mbv. Verdict: More Ringo Deathstarr, please. BRITTNIE FULLER

Freakwater, Jaye Jayle, **Drunken Prayer**

(Tractor) Life moves at a different pace in Louisville. Case in point: It's been eight vears since the last album by Louisville alt-country legends Freakwater. But it's understandable—the Kentucky summers are disgustingly hot, the rent is low, and bourbon abounds. And while these factors could easily allow its artists to slip into idleness, Louisville has maintained a thriving music culture, with acts like My Morning Jacket, Will Oldham, and Slint serving to remind us of the city's great legacy. Carrying that torch, Evan Patterson's Jaye Jayle expertly taps into the city's singer-songwriter fringe traditions and their dark and pensive indie predilections. His music is the perfect middle ground between the brooding and jagged approach he mastered with tension-winders Young Widows and his slow-hand auxiliary guitar work on Freakwater's new album. BRIAN

Sluggo, Helicopter Showdown

(Neumos, all ages) Sluggo creates the sort of diaper-dumping EDM that's favored among the youth these days, all hypervolume bass drops, euphoric breakdowns, and Tonka truck trap beats. It's all well and good and expected, much like a B-movie horror film or a handjob: It gets the job done, competently, uninterestingly, and somewhat vulgarly. Let's talk Helicopter Showdown's remix of rap duo Rae Sremmurd's fantastic "No Type," though. If you're going to go the brash brostep route, you might as well approach it like Helicopter Showdown. This

thing is nothing more than the original song with machine-gun Hoovers and garish twinkle synths laid over the top, and it's fucking great. Why mess with perfection, unless you're going to dumb it down several notches and turn the whole thing up to 11, Spinal Tap-style? Dubstep done dumb is dubstep done right, sometimes. **KYLE FLECK**

SUNDAY 2/28

Beacon, Natasha Kmeto, WD4D

(Nectar) Ghostly International artists Beacon—Jacob Gossett and Thomas Mullarnev III—specialize in down-tempo electronic seduction. On 2013's The Ways We Separate, 2014's L1 EP, and this year's Escapements, they use mellow vocals and cushiony textures to create lush boudoirscapes that will appeal to fans of the French duo Air at their most heavy-lidded. Even when the rhythms get complex and manic, Beacon keep their heads about them. Meticulous control and atmospheric richness rule everything around them. Their music's ambrosial aura isn't exactly peak-time club fare, but it can certainly stir romantic sensations in those susceptible to its suave, sotto-voce charms. **DAVE SEGAL**

MONDAY 2/29

Carly Rae Jepsen, Cardiknox, **Fairground Saints**

(Showbox, all ages) I feel like Carly Rae Jepsen would be a great friend to have a heart-to-heart with. Last summer's brilliant (and brilliantly titled) album F•MO•TION is filled with the kind of simple, vulnerable platitudes about love that, when surrounded by warm 1980s pop production and sung in Jepsen's cotton-candy croon feel like earnest romantic revelations. Straightforward lines

like "I really really really really really really like you" and "Take me to the feeling" belong in the love-song canon, a modernday "I wanna be with you everywhere." While Jepsen is best known for her 2012 crush single "Call Me Maybe," E•MO•TION delves into the long journey of love after a crush, from the startlingly cheesy highs to the devastating breakup. When I listen to the record, I imagine sharing feelings with Jepsen over bowls of cookie-dough ice cream and then driving through the night with the windows down, reveling in the glee of shared emotion. ROBIN EDWARDS

TUESDAY 3/1

Hippie Sabotage, Alex Wiley, Kembe X

(Showbox, all ages) There's a strain of electronic music that occupies the same space now as Nick Drake's "Pink Moon" did for that "iconic" VW ad back in the day. Which is to say, it exists to give a pretty, ethereal sheen to product placement. California's Hippie Sabotage, much like our own local boys gone grand Odesza, perform the sort of sunbaked beachtronica that will make you feel like cracking open a Corona and playing hooky for a week. Their remix of the singer Kiiara's "Gold" lopes through wood blocks and radiant synthesizers, yet seems to be lacking a third act, content to stroll along at mid-tempo with nary a change in the track for the whole four minutes. If you're looking for a techno-pop fix on a Tuesday night, it wouldn't be wrong to steer you to the Showbox, but why would you ever need a fix of techno pop? Just watch the ads before YouTube videos. KYLE FLECK

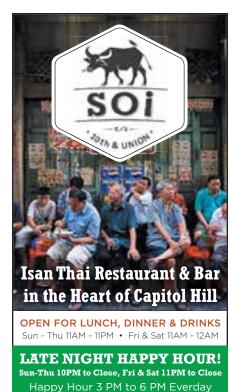














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All the Shows Happening This Week

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WED 2/24

LIVE MUSIC

CENTRAL SALOON Daisy Chain, Irie Lights, 9 pm, \$5 ★ CHOP SUEY Stickers. Boyfriends, Display, 8 pm, \$8

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Striking Matches, 8:30 pm O CROCODILE Barfly, Campana, Luna God, Son

the Rhemic, 9 pm, \$5 HIGH DIVE Shawn Smith, Guests, The Thrill, Snaketopus, The Flying Tortugas, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8 HIGHWAY 99 Black Clouds

Blues Band, 8 pm, \$7 ★ Ø JAZZ ALLEY Elvin Bishop, \$33.50

KELLS Liam Gallagher LO-FI Abe King, 8 pm NECTAR Earphunk, Snug Harbor, 8 pm, \$7

★ ② NEUMOS Blessthefall. Miss May I, The Plot In You, Sirens and Sailors, A War Within, 5:30 pm, \$20 OWI, N'THISTLE Justin and

O PARAMOUNT THEATRE

Vance Joy, Elle King, Jamie Lawson, 8 pm, \$32/\$35

O STONE WAY CAFE Haunebu II. 5:30 pm

TRACTOR TAVERN Stephanie Johnson, Whitney Monge, JP Hennessy, Xolie Morra, 8 pm. \$10

TRIPLE DOOR Rickie Lee Jones, Feb 24-25, 6:30 pm, \$50-\$125

JAZZ

★ O JAZZ ALLEY Pat Martino Trio, 7:30 pm, \$29.50

O THE ROYAL ROOM Jovino Santos Neto, Paul Taub, 7:30 pm, \$12/\$15 TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE

Lady Delilah Beaucoup & Bissou, 8:30 pm **VITO'S** Wally Shoup, 9 pm

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks **CONTOUR** NuDe Wednesdays

FOUNDATION K Theory, Instant Party, Luck Dragon, 10 pm, \$8.21

HAVANA Wicked & Wild: DJ SoulOne, ZJ Redman, Selecta Element, free/\$5 NEIGHBOURS Exposed

O NIGHTCLUB Vindata. Josh Pan, Guests, 9 pm, \$11 STUDIO SEVEN Electric Wednesday: Guests

CLASSICAL

• UW MEANY THEATRE
Percussion Ensemble, 7:30

THURS 2/25

LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA Brass Monkeys #All4Doras, 8 pm, \$8 BLACK BOX THEATER Liz Houlton: Concerto Concerto: 8:30 pm. \$10 BLUE MOON TAVERN Basic Maintenance, Ramona, Shiver Twins

 BROADWAY CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS Black Violin, 7:30 pm, \$29-\$39

CAFE RACER Arden

★ CHOP SUEY Crater, Briana Marela, DJ Sharlese, RPAL, 8

CONOR BYRNE Sam Chue, The Co-Founder, David Johnson, 9 pm, \$8

June, Mackned, Key Nyata, III Chris, 8 pm, \$16/\$35 DARRELL'S TAVERN

EL CORAZON Sharkmuffin Megasapien, RED MARTIAN, 8:30 pm, \$8/\$10

Birthmark, 8 pm, \$15/\$20 HIGH DIVE Govinda, Willdabeast, Kozmo, HZ Donut, 9 pm, \$12/\$15

BELLEVUE Wintergrass J&M CAFE True Romans KELLS Liam Gallagher LITTLE RED HEN Roy Kay Trio, 9 pm, \$3

THE MIX Yada Yada Blues Band, 9 pm, free

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE
Joe Satriani, 7:30 pm,
\$31.25-\$91.25

O THE SHOWBOX Indigo SLIM'S LAST CHANCE

SUBSTATION Northern Shakedown, Nolan Garrett, Dead Sonics, 8 pm, \$6

TRIPLE DOOR VITO'S Casev MacGill

Thursdays, 9 pm BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat: DJ Bret Law, \$3 CONTOUR Jaded: Guests

★ HAVANA Sophisticated Mama: DJ Nitty Gritty, DJ Sad Bastard, free KREMWERK Stimmhalt

MERCURY Isolation, \$3 NEIGHBOURS Revolution: DJ Marty Mar, Michael Kutt

Knight, Guests, 9 pm R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays THE CARLILE ROOM DJ

CLASSICAL O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE

★ @ CROCODILE Larry Trimtab, The 350's, Bushcraft, 9 pm, \$7

O FREMONT ABBEY Owen

O HYATT REGENCY

★ **LO-FI** Bad Luck, Dex Amora, Bubbles & Bananas, JCB WST, 8:30 pm, \$12/\$15

★ NECTAR Wil Blades Skerik, Guests, 8 pm, \$10 NEUMOS Troyboi, Guests, 9

PARAGON Luke Stanton

RENDEZVOUS Faint Peter. Tobias the Owl, The Hasslers, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

O THE ROYAL ROOM OK Hotel Family Reunion, Feb 25-28, 6 pm, \$15, Low Tones, 8 pm

Wet Nap, Young Pioneers, Swedish Finnish, 9 pm

SUNSET TAVERN Lindstrom and the Limit, Supposably, the Photons, 8 pm, \$8 TIM'S TAVERN The Wiled TRACTOR TAVERN Eilen Jewell, Country Dave and the Pickin' Crew, 8 pm, \$15

TRIPLE DOOR Rickie Lee Jones, 6:30 pm, \$50-\$125 MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Jazzukha, 9 pm

JAZZ

O SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm TULA'S Clave Gringa, 7:30 pm, \$10

BALLROOM Throwback

OHANA '80s Ladies Night: O NIGHTCLUB Mark

THERAPY LOUNGE Therapy

TRINITY Beer Pona

SPACE Eric Rynes, 8 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15 O SOUTH WHIDBEY HIGH **AUDITORIUM** Four Season Pacific MusicWorks, 7 pm, \$10-\$45

O UW MEANY THEATRE Concert and Campus Bands, 7:30 pm, \$10

FRI 2/26

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm, free

★ BARBOZA Basia Bulat, The Weather Station, 7 pm, \$15

Music of Led Zeppelin: A Rock Symphony: Seattle Symphony, 8 pm, \$27-\$67

BLACK ZIA CANTINA Midnight Radio Revival, Anterez. 9 pm. \$3 **★** BLUE MOON TAVERN

Gems, Yak Attack, CRACKER FACTORY, 9:30 pm, \$10 CAFE RACER The Specks, The Evanstones, Paper

Dolls, 9 pm CENTRAL SALOON The Crossing, The Forgotten 45's, These Young Fools, Shiver Twins, 8 pm, \$5 **CHINA HARBOR** Orquesta

la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 CHOP SUEY Lover's Ball: Guantanamo Baywatch, Acid Tongue, Bread and Butter, Stallion, 8 pm. \$8/\$10

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Orkestar Zirkonium, The Debaucherauntes, Schmatlz Street Klezmer, 7 pm

CONOR BYRNE Kye Alfred Hillig, Ramblin' Years, The Swearengens, 9 pm, \$8 O EL CORAZON Secrets,

Palisades, Too Close to Touch, Picturesque, Avoid the Void, 6 pm, \$13/\$15, Mary Abaddon, Noel Austin's Phreaks, Pill Brigade, Dilapidation, 9:30 pm. \$8/\$10

EMP MUSEUM Through the Eyes of Art: 7:30 pm, \$15 HIGH DIVE Hundred Loud, Mind Vice, Mother Crone, Piston Ready, 9 pm, \$8 HIGHLINE One Bloody Reason, Coyote Bred, Shadow Cats, 9:30 pm, \$7

* HIGHWAY 99 Brothers of the Empty Tomb, Chebon Tiger, Yada Yada Blues Band, 8 pm, \$15

O HYATT REGENCY
BELLEVUE Wintergrass O KENT-MERIDIAN **CENTER** A Fiddler's Feast: Alasdair Fraser, Natalie Haas, Jay Ungar, Molly Mason, 7:30 pm, \$15-\$28

★ KREMWERK Squall: Jabon, Kblang, Expert System, and DJ Maire, 6 pm. \$5

LITTLE RED HEN Highway 9. 9 pm. \$5

LO-FI Insects vs Robots, Runson Willis III, 9 pm **LUCKY LIQUOR** Beef Supreme, Severhead, Nurse Ratchet, the Of, 9 pm, \$5 METROPOLIST Destination: Delridge: 6 pm, \$100

O NECTAR Deadphish Orchestra, The Student Loan, The High Council, 8 pm, \$15, Jeff Austin Band, Guests, 8 pm, \$20

OLD TOWN TREOS Jessica PARAGON George Grissom PARLIAMENT TAVERN

Devils Hunt Me Down, Spit

in the Well, 8:30 pm THE ROYAL ROOM OK Hotel Family Reunion, 6 pm, \$15

O SALSA CON TODO Drop-In, 8 pm, \$5-\$20 **SEAMONSTER** Live Funk, 10

SHANTY TAVERN The Rainieros, Ganges River Band, 9 pm, \$7

★ ② THE SHOWBOX Galactic, 8 pm, \$31.75

★ SLIM'S LAST CHANCE F-Holes, Comedy of Terrors, Demolition Kings, 9 pm

SPITFIRE Sophia Duccini Alec Shaw, The Blue Tracks, 8:30 pm, \$8

TIM'S TAVERN Hello Nowhere, Natalie Wouldn't, Page James, 9 pm TRACTOR TAVERN Sam

Outlaw, Whitney Rose, 9 pm. \$10 O TRIPLE DOOR Mycle Wastman, Naomi Wachira, 10 pm, \$23/\$26

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Ranger and the Re-Arrangers, Hall Pass Band, 9 pm

O VERA PROJECT Ghoulavelli, Peasant Boys, Ralph Dozer, Mixtape

Minus, 8 pm, \$8 VICTORY LOUNGE Sharkie Yes Alexander, Guests, 9 pm

JAZZ LATONA PUB Phil Sparks

THE NORTH CITY BISTRO Hopscotch, 8 pm, \$10 TULA'S Stephanie Porter Ouintet, Last 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S Lushy

ASTON MANOR Cabaret Fridays: Guests

BALLROOM Rendezvous BALMAR Top 40, 9:30 pm,

★ BALTIC ROOM Juicy: '90s & 2000's Old School Throwbacks: Fundamental Fridays: Guests, Shorthand, Pat Nasty, \$10

★ CUFF DJ Night, 10 pm FOUNDATION GTA, 10 pm.

\$20-\$30

HAVANA Viva Havana: Soul One, Sean Cee, Curtis, Nostalgia B, DV One, 9 pm, \$11 TAZZBONES Filthy Fridays:

Guests, 11 pm, \$10 KREMWERK Jasyn God Module, DJ Shane, DJ Eyktan, 9 pm

MERCURY Strict Machine: Club Kink: Dr. Noir, \$5-\$15, Marius, DJ Chadeau, 9 pm, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Absolut

O NIGHTCLUB Martin Roth.

10 pm, \$15 SHOWBOX SODO Brillz, Party Favor, Jackal, Y2K, 7

pm. \$25-\$35 STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm

★ SUBSTATION DJ Heather, \$15 THERAPY LOUNGE Under Pressure: 9:30 pm, free/\$3 **TRINITY** Fridays at Trinity: Guy, VSOP, Tyler and DJ Phase

CLASSICAL

O CORNISH PLAYHOUSE AT SEATTLE CENTER CAMP Seattle Women's Chorus, \$25-\$60

THINGS TO DO All the Shows Happening This Week

SAT 2/27

LIVE MUSIC

192 BREWING COMPANYMichele D'Amour and the Love Dealers, 8 pm 88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm, free

★ BARBOZA Shing02, Spin Master A-1, 7 pm, \$15

BLACK BOX THEATER Liz Houlton: Concerto Concerto: 7 pm, \$10

BLUE MOON TAVERN The Downhouse, The SkyeMonkey, 9:30 pm

O CAFE RACER Dante and the Mirrors, Salute to the Salmon, Broken at Best,

CLUB HOLLYWOOD **CASINO** Johnny and the Bad Boys, DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

CONOR BYRNE Ball of Wax Volume 43 Release Show, 8 pm. \$8

O CROCODILE Drew Holcomb and the Neighbors, Jamie N Commons, 8 pm, \$15

EASTLAKE ZOO TAVERN Neal Storme, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$20

O EDMONDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS Hapa, 7:30 pm, \$24-\$34

O EL CORAZON Band Together 3: The Second Sequel: H2O, Power, Red Scare, the Loss, 7 pm \$13/\$15, Raphael, Fian, Ida Bay, Modern Day Astronauts, Wynne C Blue, Josh Aine, 9 pm, \$8

EMP MUSEUM Sound Off! emifinals #3: 8 pm, \$14

@ ETHNIC CULTURAL THEATER Ian Maksin & Goran Ivanovic, 7 pm, \$20

HIGH DIVE Hexengeist, Skies Below. Kinas of Cavalier, Greenriver Thrillers, 9 pm, \$8/\$10 HIGHWAY 99 Rose City

Kings, 8 pm, \$16 O HYATT REGENCY **BELLEVUE** Wintergrass

© KIRKLAND
PERFORMANCE CENTER

Indigo Girls, 8 pm, \$60 LEMAY-AMERICA'S CAR MUSEUM Drive the Blues Away: 8 pm, \$30/\$65

LITTLE RED HEN Highway

LO-FI Sweet Jesus, Trick Candles, Star Meets Sea,

LUCKY LIQUOR Yes Alexander, Wild English, Modern Heart, Guests, 9 pm, \$7

MEANY HALL UW World Series Center Stage Gala
NAKED CITY Star Anna, Jason Dodson, 8 pm, \$10

★ NEUMOS Sluggo, Helicopter Showdov Guests, 8 pm, \$20

PARAGON Kelly Ash, Jesse

PARLIAMENT TAVERN Signal Flags, Either/Or, 9 pm RENDEZVOUS The Salt Riot, Ichi Bichi, Waking Things, Adult Mauling, 7:30 pm \$6/\$8

THE ROYAL ROOM OK Hotel Family Reunion, 6 pm, \$15

• THE SHOWBOX Papadosio, Cure for the Common, 8:30 pm, \$18/\$20 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Hopeless Jack, The Snakebites, C-Leb and the Kettle Black, Bad Pants.

sou'wester Tenderfoot,

SUBSTATION Visceral Candy, Verbal Tip, Virgin of the Birds, Yes Alexander, No Kind of Island, 9:30 pm

★ SUNSET TAVERN Ringo Deathstarr, Future Death 8 pm, \$12

TED BROWN MUSIC Afro Latino Drum and Rhythm Circle/Class: 10 am, \$10 donation

TOWN HALL Pig Snout, 11 am, \$5/free for kids

★ TRACTOR TAVERN

Freakwater, Jaye Jayle, Drunken Prayer, 9 pm, \$15

JAZZ

© EGAN'S JAM HOUSE Dmitri Matheny, 7 pm, \$10 @ MUSEUM OF HISTORY

& INDUSTRY (MOHAI) Greg Ruby & the Rhythm Runners, 3:30 pm VITO'S Breaks & Swells Jerry Zimmerman, 6 pm

ASTON MANOR NRG Saturdays: Guests BALLARD LOFT Hiphop Saturdays: DJ Pheloneous, DJ Tamm of KISS fm, DJ Brett Michaels, 10 pm

BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night:

Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Crave

Saturdays, 10 pm BARBOZA Inferno: DJ Swervewon, Guests, 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10 CENTRAL SALOON No Duh! '90s Dance Party: Guests, 9 pm, \$5

* COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Klass-6 Part II: DJ Dab, AcidTed, 8 pm, \$12.50 ★ CUFF DJs. 10 pm. free

FOUNDATION Vinai, Guests, 10 pm, \$15/\$20 GAINSBOURG Voulez-Vous Boogaloo: Michael Chrietzberg, DJ Stevie Dee,

Last 10 pm HAVANA Havana Social: Nostalgia B, Curtis, Soul One, Sean Cee, DV One, 9 pm, \$15

. MERCURY Vampire Club Helsing: Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5, DJ Hana Solo, DJ Brishan

MONKEY LOFT Diggin Deep: DJ Onionz, Jordan Strong, Aarta, Guests, Last 10 pm

NECTAR TRL Total Request Live Night: Heartthrobs Edition: #All4Doras, DJ Indica Jones, DJ Lo Knows, 9 pm, \$7

NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DI Randy Schlager

O PACIFIC PLACE DJ Sharadawn, 4:30 pm

Q NIGHTCLUB Madness: Ainislee, AudiOh, Altesse, Justin Hartinger, Lady Auds, 10 pm, \$12

R PLACE Therapy Saturday: **STOUT** DJ ePop, 9 pm **SUBSTATION** Golden Records: The Sounds of

Earth: Guests, 10 pm THERAPY LOUNGE This Modern Love: Guests TRINITY Saturdays at

Trinity: DJ Nug, DJ Kidd Rise Over Run, Guests, \$15/ free before 10 pm **VERMILLION** Spread Thick:

Frank Jake, Domenica, Thad Wenatchee, Howie, 9 pm THE WOODS Juicebox: Sean Cee, Blueyedsoul

CLASSICAL

CORNISH PLAYHOUSE AT SEATTLE CENTER CAMP Seattle Women's Chorus, \$25-\$60

6 EMMANUEL EPISCOPAL **CHURCH** Four Seasons Pacific MusicWorks, 8 pm, \$10-\$45

O FIRST FREE METHODIST CHURCH Seattle Metropolitan Chamber Orchestra, 8 pm, \$15/\$20

★ ② MCCAW HALL Mary Stuart: Seattle Opera, Feb 27-Mar 12, 7:30 pm, \$25-

MEYDENBAUER CENTER Sammamish Symphony Orchestra Presents Energy, Life, Affirmation:

O TOWN HALL Hespèrion XXI: Man and Nature: Jordi Savali, Frank McGuire, 8 pm, \$20-\$45

SUN 2/28

LIVE MUSIC

BLUE MOON TAVERN verhands, Nick Droz, Sean

★ ② CHOP SUEY Champagne Babylon, The Pink Slips, The Malady of Seven Dials, 6 pm, \$10/\$13 @ CROCODILE The Crush. Pale Noise, 6:30 pm

@ EL CORAZON Mandamus, Kirra, Rebels Revolt, Shot on Site, 7:30 pm, \$8/\$10, Ty Herndon, Guns of Nevada, Garret Whitney, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGH DIVE Lachlan Willis, Kristina Valencia, Danny Wilkinson, Farrah Nuff, 8 pm, \$11/\$14

O HYATT REGENCY
BELLEVUE Wintergrass KELLS Liam Gallagher LATONA PUB The Wild Hares, 7 pm

O LUCKY LIQUOR Neutralboy, Sticky Situation, Shagnasty, Guests, 7 pm, \$7

★ NECTAR Beacon, Natasha Kmeto, WD4D, 8 pm, \$10 **NEUMOS** Gleb Samoyloff, Agati Kristi Greatest Hits & Naive, 7 pm, \$60/\$90

THE ROYAL ROOM OK Hotel Family Reunion, 6 pm, \$15 **SHOWBOX SODO** Keys N

Krates, Hermitude, GANZ, 8:30 pm, \$22.50/\$25 SNOOUALMIE CASINO Johnny Ip and the Marvelous Four, 4 pm, \$10

TIM'S TAVERN Seattle Songwriter Showcase TRACTOR TAVERN Bobby Long, Silver Torches, 8 pm, \$12

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Canals of Venice, 8 pm O VERA PROJECT From Indian Lakes, Soren Bryce, 7 pm, \$12/\$14

JAZZ

O HARISSA Sunday Bossa Nova: Dina Blade, 6 pm, free

O SEATTLE ART MUSEUM Brian Blade Fellowship Band, 8 pm, \$14-\$28

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays, 10 pm **CONTOUR** Broken Grooves: Guests, free

CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm MERCURY Mode: DJ Trent Von. 9 pm. \$5

NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis, DJ Polo **PONY** TeaDance: DJ El Toro, Freddy King of Pants, 4 pm

R PLACE Homo Hop: Guests **★ RE-BAR** Flammable: DJ Wesley Holmes, Xan Lucero,

Guests, 9 pm, \$10 REVOLVER BAR No Exit: DJ Vi, Sun, noon

CLASSICAL

© BENAROYA HALL Spirit of the Viol: Jordi Savali, 7:30 pm, \$60/\$65; Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony: Seattle Youth Symphony Orchestra, 3 pm, \$27-\$52

O CORNISH PLAYHOUSE AT SEATTLE CENTER CAMP: Seattle Women's Chorus,

★ ② MCCAW HALL Marv Stuart: Seattle Opera, 7:30 pm, \$25-\$193

O MUSIC CENTER OF THE NORTHWEST LMC Opera presents "Shakespeare at the Opera": Ladies Musical Club, 2 pm

★ O ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free

O UW MEANY THEATRE Vivaldi's Four Seasons: The Four Seasons: Pacific MusicWorks, 2 pm, \$10-\$45, Pacific MusicWorks, 2 pm free-\$45

MON 2/29

LIVE MUSIC 88 KEYS Blues On Tap

CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass

EL CORAZON Raaul, 8:30

. ★ **HIGHLINE** Bad Future Birth Defects, Wolfgang Fuck, 9 pm, \$7

KELLS Liam Gallaghe **LUCKY LIQUOR** Sid Law RENDEZVOUS Northern Allies, Family Mansion, Charlie Finn, Quinell, 8 pm,

★ **② THE SHOWBOX** Carly Rae Jepsen, Cardiknox, 8 pm, \$25/\$30

\$6/\$8

TRIPLE DOOR Noura Mint Seymali, 7:30 pm, \$20/\$25

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Sessions, 9 pm. free

VICTORY LOUNGE Face Tat, Deep Channel, Paisley Devil, 9 pm, \$8

JAZZ

THE ROYAL ROOM Sarah Manning's Underworld Alchemy, Bubbles & Bananas, 7:30 pm

TULA'S 45th St. Brass, 7:30 pm, \$10

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman, DJ Element, 9 pm

★ BAR SUE Motown on Mondays, 10 pm, free

* FREMONT ABBEY Light:

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry Standard: Guests, free

CLASSICAL **★ ②** BENAROYA HALL Itzhak Perlman, 7:30 pm,

\$67-\$137 BRECHEMIN AUDITORIUM Voice Division Recital:

Guests, 7:30 pm ★ O MCCAW HALL Mary Stuart: Seattle Opera, 7:30 pm, \$25-\$193

TUE 3/1

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Seatown Allstars, 8

pm, free O BENAROYA HALL David CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse

CENTRAL SALOON DRÆMINGS, Halfbluud, Guests, 8 pm, \$5 EL CORAZON Verb Slingers:

Guests, 3 pm • JAZZ ALLEY Kenny Lattimore, Mar 1-2, 7:30 pm, \$35.50

JAZZBONES Stacy Jones, 8 **KELLS** Liam Gallagher

THE MIX The 350s, 8 pm **◎ NEUMOS** Ron Pope & The Nighthawks, Truett, 7 pm, \$17

SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio 11 pm, free **★ ② THE SHOWBOX** Hippie

Sabotage, Guests, 8 pm \$15/\$18 **SUNSET TAVERN** P.T. Banks, Ings, 8 pm, \$8

TRACTOR TAVERN John Moreland, Lilly Hiatt, 8 pm, \$12

JAZZ

TULA'S Jay Thomas Big Band, 8 pm, \$5

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays

* BLUE MOON TAVERN **CONTOUR** Burn CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX

Wave & Goth

★ HAVANA Real Love '90s MERCURY Die: Black Maru. Major Tom, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up: Vogue: DJ Lightray ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays:

CLASSICAL

Guests, free





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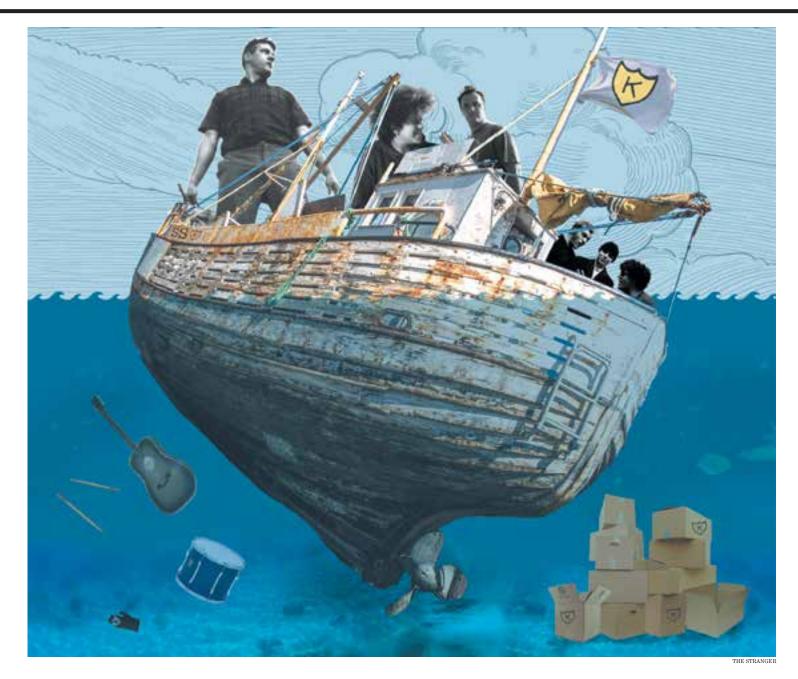
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Is K Records a **Broken, Sinking Ship?**

Legendary Olympia Label Struggles to Stay Afloat as Kimya Dawson and Other Artists Demand Unpaid Royalties

BY DAVE SEGAL

"The thing is, we're just

human beings. There's

nothing sneaky going on

around here."

lympia-based K Records—a bastion of DIY indie music since 1982—lately has been weathering some harsh criticism from its former artists, particularly singer-songwriter Kimya Dawson.

The ex-Moldy Peaches vocalist and popular solo artist Dawson started a thread on her Facebook page on January 10 in which she proclaimed, "If I unfriended you it might be because you associate with Calvin Johnson and it makes me fucking ill every time pictures of him pop up in my feed."

This update spurred a litany of complaints about Johnson, K Records' owner and iconic singer/guitarist for Beat Happening, Dub Narcotic Sound System, and other bands.

Other artists and the label's former coowner soon piled on with stories alleging financial misbehavior. Nobody in the long thread had much positive to say about the man whom many indie-music fans consider to be a major catalyst of the international

pop underground and the twee aesthetic in indie rock. (Melissa Mescalero has written extensively about K Records' alleged mistreatment of its artists on the Teenage Hotdog blog.)

Dawson's extensive Facebook posts (which I quote with permission) recounted her increasing anger upon learning that an estimate she'd been given by the label "was a good six figures under what they

actually owe me. They owe a ton of people money and I bet most of those people have no idea.'

She went on to note that a payment plan had been "set up by musicians because K never took the initiative to get their accounting in order and figure it out on their own"—but that it has proven insufficient.

"At the rate that they are making payments," she wrote, "I will maybe be paid off in 30 years."

For a long time, it was considered taboo

for independent musicians, especially in the somewhat utopian orbit of Olympia punk, to discuss finances in their public. But as the music business has declined, so has the stigma surrounding the subject. Dawson

addressed it directly:

"Do I make music for the money?" she wrote. "Absolutely not. If the music I make sells do I want the money that is rightfully mine? Absolutely yes. People don't speak up because they get accused of all kinds of shit when they do. I just can't even handle people

talking about how super rad K is when it's a broken sinking ship.'

"BEYOND NEGLIGENT"

For his part, Calvin Johnson said in an e-mail to me that he's paid Kimya Dawson "almost \$200,000 in royalties from K since we started working with her. This doesn't excuse any tardy payments on our part, but it does show K has not entirely neglected her."

Presented with this information, Dawson wondered how much of that money came from Rhino licensing material she contributed to the film and soundtrack album of Juno—her commercial breakthrough—and how much from K. She indicate that funds from Rhino 'don't count" toward what K owes her.

When I relayed this to Johnson, he insisted that income from all sources are considered

"It counts!" he asserted in a phone



THURS, 2/25 - SAT, 2/27 MATT MCCLOWRY with Nigel Larson

With his towering frame, faintly sinister good looks, and a mild case of Asperger syndrome, Matt McClowry does not easily fit the stereotypical image of a stand-up comic. But after a few moments of watching him on stage, it's clear he's a natural; with a laconic yet still faintly annoyed delivery underscoring sharply observed gripes about a host of modern absurdities.

His album, "Uncomfortable," can be heard on Pandora, Spotify, and SiriusXM. The album was recorded live at the Seattle Comedy Underground.



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◀ interview, sounding incensed. "So I don't straighten those out." understand the statement. We do owe her some money. When I say that she has received \$200,000, I don't mean we paid her \$200,000. She's received the equivalent" in the form of CDs and LPs she's taken to sell on her many tours.

Despite the years of mounting frustration evident in Dawson's words on Facebook, she says she doesn't want to engage the label in "a vengeful battle," as it would hurt all K acts. Her outrage on her labelmates' behalf is palpable. "That is something else that kills me," she wrote. "Thinking about people who feel like they haven't sold anything who maybe actually did. What does that do to your morale? Are there people who stopped making music because they thought no one was listening?"

Dawson recommended I speak to some other artists who she said also had griev-

ances with the label. One of them. Phil Elverum of Mount Eerie and the Microphones said: "Yes, it's true that [K owes] me a bunch of money and that communication about this over the years has been pretty difficult. But lately there have been some real efforts to fix it

and pay the back payments. I was able to get my albums back and self-release them a few years ago, so at least the debt isn't increasing anymore." Citing time constraints due to family problems, Elverum didn't feel comfortable expounding on the matter.

And then there's Jared Warren of beloved Northwest post-hardcore band KARP. His anger may even surpass Dawson's. In an e-mail interview with me, he said K owes KARP a large sum of money, with payments arriving inconsistently over the last 18 years—but only after badgering Johnson

"Calvin Johnson approached me a few vears back with a ridiculous plan to pay back royalties," Warren said. "It involved selling KARP shirts on their website for \$15, with \$1 per shirt going toward payment of royalties they already owed us. I guess he thought they would then keep the rest of the money from the shirts sold and that was all supposed to make sense. It was infuriating and insulting, especially coming from someone who condemns the 'corporate ogre' and extols the virtues of a DIY ethic."

Johnson says the T-shirt deal is something he offers to all K artists; he also acknowledges that this money is separate from proper rovalties.

"We do owe [KARP] a few thousand dollars, but we have also been paying [Warren] over the years," Johnson says. "There may have been some delays in the payments, and I have apologized to him directly.

It doesn't sound like Warren accepts the

"They are beyond negligent," he told me. "They have knowingly kept money that didn't belong to them for many years."

Warren credits Dawson and other former K acts' outspokenness on the issue as the catalyst for the company to begin selling its assets, including closing Johnson's Dub Narcotic Studio, but said that he believes a comprehensive solution may be impossible.

"It's my understanding that their debt to artists exceeds the probable value of their assets," Warren says. "I can only express my anger and disappointment and hope their conscience compels them to do whatever they need to do in order to settle their debt with people they owe."

"We had some bookkeeping problems," Johnson admits. "But we're trying to

"I just can't even

handle people talking

about how super rad

K is when it's a broken

sinking ship."

"BLATANT DISREGARD"

Johnson's former business partner Candice Pedersen weighed in, too. She left the company in 1999 on bad terms after working at K for more than 13 years. She alleges that Johnson cheated her out of her share of the 50/50 split of earnings they'd agreed upon in a handshake deal.

"This is new to me," said Johnson of Pedersen's claim. "One could wonder is Calvin clever enough to pull such a stunt?"

Commiserating with Dawson on Facebook, Pedersen said (again, I'm quoting with her permission): "Had I not threatened to expose Calvin's reneging on our agreement to be equal partners, our payment plan would have gone on for 20+ years... Consid-

ering the fact that bands starting contacting me as early as late 1999, this has been a 17-year problem that Calvin has not really taken accountability for... It's a blatant disregard for the value of the work artists provide."

Asked to comment on these accusations, Johnson conceded via e-mail: "Payments may have been spotty and inconsistent, but we have been paying artists' royalties. Unfortunately not what has been due and we readily acknowledge that. We have had different payment plans with different artists over the past several years. In many cases, artists' royalties have been exchanged for copies of releases to sell on tour, a common practice with independent labels. This works well for both parties as the artist can double the amount due to them (depending on the retail price they set)."

Problems arise, Johnson says, when artists decide to stop touring. The label incurs risk, too, he said, if the artists take more product than they earn in royalties. Such miscalculations have resulted in artists going into debt with the label.

'K is currently owed more than \$90,000 for invoices of this nature," Johnson says.

With music-industry revenues in a downward spiral, indie labels like K will make alternative, in-kind arrangements, such as making payments toward artists' student loans or health insurance. "Sometimes this works well." Johnson says, "sometimes not so. But either way, we have been responsive to artists' concerns and attempted resolution."

"ALWAYS HATED HAVING TO BE A BUSINESSMAN"

K artist Arrington de Dionyso, who records experimental music under his own name and heads the Indonesian-influenced garage-rock band Malaikat Dan Singa, shed more light on the plight of musicians toiling for a small independent label in an e-mail interview.

"K owes many thousands of dollars to around half a dozen solo artists who saw their careers explode and take off while recording, releasing records, and touring under the K banner. Many more artists actually owe money to K. I personally owe many thousands of dollars, and I make payments on this debt when I am able to do so.'

"The conditions in the 1990s and early 2000s that allowed an independent music scene to flourish both creatively and economically simply do not exist anymore. In the early 2000s, many bands working with K were allowed to take as much merch as needed for national and international tours

on the good faith that the project would inevitably recoup the production expenses by sales through the network of record stores, distributors, and mail order that kept the indie machine churning. So if vou sold a lot of merch on tour, you could keep that money as long as the label was able to get reimbursed for production expenses by sales through those other channels. For a touring artist habituated to subsistence living, this was by far the best deal around and definitely in favor of the artist. For a new release of one of my albums, chances are that between 30 to 50 percent of the total pressing would be sold by me personally at a show on tour. I think the situation became a little more complicated for the few artists who reached a higher level of success."

The decline of the culture of record buying, de Dionyso observes, has forced K to scramble to bring in enough money to pay its artists. Streaming income currently isn't making up for lost sales. He suggests that K's "DIY Empire" could have thrived only

in the 1980s and '90s. before the proliferation of streaming and illegal downloading. He allows, however, that K might not have been sufficiently savvy about the marketplace's evolving habits.

"I think that secretly or not so secretly, Calvin has always hated having to be a businessman," said de Dionyso. He's far too generous to be very good at playing that

Johnson's longtime friend Steve Fisk, who has produced and played on many albums for the label's artists, and who has also endured maddening experiences with three other labels, agrees with de Dionyso's assessment. "Calvin and K have always treated me fairly," Fisk says. "They don't owe me a dime."

Pedersen has a one-word response.

"Many will say, 'Oh, he's an artist, he's bad at business," she wrote on Dawson's Facebook page. "Oh, Calvin doesn't mean to leave bands wanting.' To that I say bullshit."

"WE DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY"

It's worth pausing to consider what K Records represents in terms of Northwest music. Much like Calvin Johnson himself, K has long been regarded as a paragon of indie culture and a working model of how truly independent music can thrive free from the constraints associated with major labels.

The label's slogan, "Exploding the teenage underground into passionate revolt against the corporate ogre world-wide since 1982," may have a tongue-in-cheek tone, but its commitment to the underlying principle has inspired generations of music lovers. The records and singles it has released from Johnson's band Beat Happening, Beck, KARP, Tiger Trap, Some Velvet Sidewalk, the Make-Up, Girl Trouble, Modest Mouse, among many, many others—helped to frame the evolutionary possibilities of punk and indie music, in contrast to both the mainstream and, perhaps more crucially, to the increasingly palatable strain of commercial

According to de Dionyso, regardless of whatever legitimate beef people may have with Johnson, "There is no single person who has consistently breathed more life into the Olympia music scene, creating an infrastructure for independent music here (and networks around the world) that several generations have already taken for granted as an inalienable 'right."

In Our Band Could Be Your Life, Michael Azerrad wrote, "In some ways it seemed

Johnson's role bordered on cult leader." And let's not forget that tattoo of K's shield logo on Kurt Cobain's forearm. In short, this is not just another indie label struggling to make it.

Sub Pop's occasional failure to pay the bills has been part of the label's in-joke narrative all along—they once famously spent money to make T-shirts that read "What part of 'We don't have any money' don't you understand?" But somehow, the news that K Records owes so much money in back rovalties, and to some of its most successful artists, is harder to stomach. News of this kind of lapse has the power to shatter your faith in whatever underground-music myths and media-generated personas you've chosen to believe.

When I observe that such strong artist discontent seems shocking in light of K's history and reputation, Johnson clears his throat and says, "Oh, uh-huh? Well, I'm sorry if we've disappointed anyone. We are trying to make amends to anyone we may have wronged."

"Are you offering

to buy the K catalog?

Do you have a buyer

in mind?"

Asked to describe the current state of the label, he responds as he says he always does: "We're still here. It has always been a struggle. It's just like any other record label. I'm sure if you talk

to Jonathan [Poneman] at Sub Pop, they're a very successful label, but it doesn't mean it's easy.'

The remorse Johnson expresses toward the artists sounds sincere. He confirms that the label has reduced its staff and its scheduled new releases, as well as selling off its physical assets, in an effort to pay its debts.

"It's not like we're sitting on tons of money and are not giving it to [Kimya]," he says. "We don't have any money. We're trying to work it out so we can pay her. We're selling everything we can to make money to pay the people we owe. I'm sorry it can't happen faster, Both Ms. Dawson and Mr. Elverum have been kept apprised of this and are fully aware of what steps are being taken to rectify the situation."

Does all this liquidation threaten K's very existence?

"We're always going to be here," Johnson promises. "We'll find a way. We're very adaptable. We will continue in whatever form." He says he's excited about the future, even though his Dub Narcotic Studio hasn't proven to be as lucrative as he'd hoped—he was counting on it to raise money to pay royalties. He says he's mulling other ideas.

I ask whether Johnson would be willing to sell the catalog to an outside company. "I don't see that that question is relevant," he says, peeved. "Are you offering to buy the K catalog? Do you have a buyer in mind?

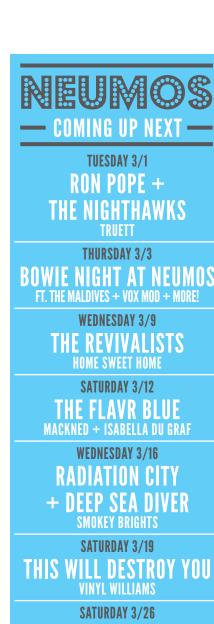
I say no and ask what the future of K Records looks like.

"We're always open to suggestions and improvements, and we're working on trying to straighten out some of the institutional problems that have been pointed out in this conversation.

After a pregnant pause, he adds: "We're doing the best we can. There's no malice. I don't know the stuff you're talking about. I haven't seen these complaints. Our phone number is open to the world. Any of these people could call me and talk to me at any time about any of these issues. They've chosen not to do so. That's fine. The thing is, we're just human beings. There's nothing sneaky going on around here. There may be some incompetence, but we're working on it." ■

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VINYL How did this happen:

Why Is Scorsese and Jagger's *Vinyl* So Lousy? Consider the Sources

BY SEAN NELSON

he new HBO series *Vinyl*, cocreated and executive produced by Martin Scorsese and Mick Jagger (along with Terence Winter of *The Sopranos* and *Boardwalk Empire*, and Rich Cohen of *Magic City*), is set in the music industry of 1973, which functions as a kind of year zero for the main character, a tormented label head named Richie Finestra, for whom everything must change whether he's ready or not.

Vinyl has an absurdly huge number of things going for it—the collective genius of its creative team, unprecedented access to music that would be too expensive for most productions to license, keys to the deepest vaults of backstage scuttlebutt, and a cast full of fantastic actors. All of which made the experience of watching the feature-length pilot (directed by Scorsese), and especially the second episode, all the more staggeringly disjunctive. How, you felt the shrinking world of rock 'n' roll true believers wonder in unison, can a show about rock 'n' roll created by Mick Jagger and Martin Scorsese be so incalculably poor?

I've come to believe the answer is in the question. And I say this as a lover of both the Stones and Scorsese's films. The issue isn't about the two of them canceling each other out, or great talents making less-than-great things, or either of them being too old to

"get it" anymore. In fact, they're the perfect age—rock 'n' roll, as Robyn Hitchcock memorably sang, "is an old man's game." Who but a couple of dudes in their early 70s are likely to think of the beginning of the end of rock music's imperial phase as a likely font of Aristotelian gravitas?

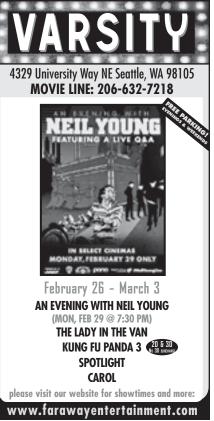
When we meet Richie, he's on the verge of selling his label, American Century Records, to a German conglomerate willing to pay far more than the label is worth. Tormented by demons (addiction, a shady past, the nagging sense that he has learned what it profits a man to gain the world and lose his soul), he spends the Scorsese-directed pilot episode preparing to lose it, and, shortly after accidentally abetting a murder, properly loses it after stumbling into a New York Dolls show that rocks so hard it literally makes the entire building collapse.

The show wants to (and gets to) have everything both ways. The music references are both vague and specific. The characters are caricatures convinced of their essential individualism. The clichés about art versus commerce, risk versus complacency, "real" rock versus sell-out garbage are self-justifying platitudes for a cabal of parasitic middlemen whose essential humanity you are required to sign off on. And the egregious mistreatment ▶



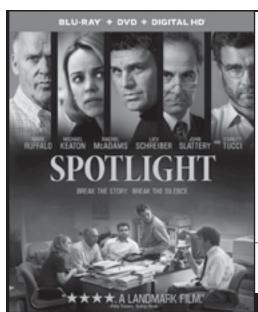














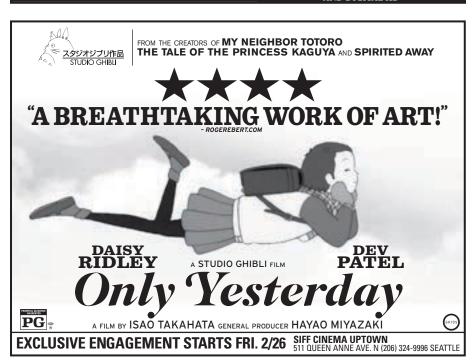
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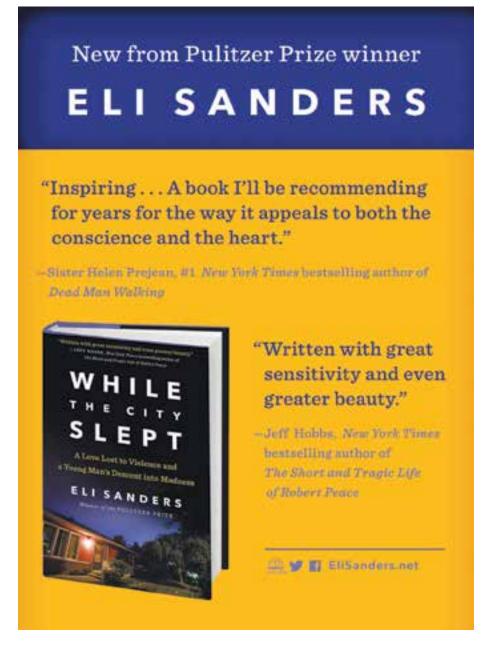
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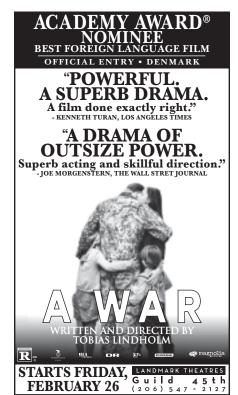
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 \blacktriangleleft of the female characters wants to exist in that same conflicted shadowland established by The Sopranos and Mad Men-in which the point of showing it is to call it out-AND to be played for period laughs.

It is, in short, a colossally mixed metaphor, a photo that blurs the more you zoom into it. Even the most audacious narrative trick—the Dolls literally bringing the house down-folds under questioning. And not because it plays loose with facts (the Mercer Arts Arena did collapse, and the Dolls did play there, just not on the same night) but because the show itself feels all wrong. Scorsese wants a New York Dolls show to begin with the kind of youthquakey, kids running wild in the streets to get to the big show energy that only exists in rock 'n' roll films. The way he shoots it makes it seem like the revolution is already underway.

Even the detail work is egregiously off: The guy they get to play Robert Plant looks like he just stepped out of a community college "dress like a hippie day" poster, and the Lou Reed look-alike is even worse.

How did Jagger, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, and Scorsese, his most ardent disciple, get everything so wrong? The answer may have less to do with where they're at now than what they were up to when the series is set. If you wanted to know what the on-theground world of rock 'n' roll was like in 1973, Mick Jagger and Martin Scorsese the last two people you'd want to ask

The Rolling Stones had just completed the greatest four-LP run any rock band had ${\it ever made-Beggar's Banquet, Let It Bleed,}$ Sticky Fingers, and Exile in Main Street IN A ROW. They, and Jagger in particular, were in their own orbit of fame, wealth, and glory, untroubled by earthly concerns and about to embark on a run of increasingly mediocre work that only confirmed their detachment from humankind. It's no surprise that, however smart and cagey Jagger is, all his most ambitious ideas since that time have the air of an inspiration reached while getting your dee-essed in a hot tub filled with Cristal on a private jet made of gold.

Scorsese, for his part, had just released Mean Streets, an electrifying bildungsroman of Italian American culture fueled by rock music... but not the rock music of 1973. When he featured the Stones, it was the Stones of 10 years earlier. The films he would make over the next several years were all about being out of step with the current era—Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore was as much an homage to Douglas Sirk as it was a feminist narrative; Taxi Driver is exclusively about alienation (shout-out to Travis not knowing who Kris Kristofferson is and "accidentally" smashing his TV while Jackson Browne sings on American Bandstand); New York, New York is an old-time musical (about spousal abuse); Raging Bull is a black-and-white film about a boxer with a vacuum for a sense of self; and so on.

The one exception was The Last Waltz, a concert film of the Band's final performance that substitutes the obvious drama right in front of its eyes-Robbie Robertson's bronze-guitared, white-scarved self-mythology being openly despised by his less-camera-savvy bandmates—for a glamorous, choreographed master class in printing the legend. His love of rock music has everything to do with his ability to aestheticize and bend it to serve his visceral cinema. And no one has ever done it better. But his connection is based on a fantasy. And that fantasy makes Vinyl into a camp fairy tale that thinks it's a morality play and acts like it's the most important artwork in the world.

Which, in a funny way, is exactly what people who hate the cult of rock 'n' roll purists have been saying for years. \blacksquare





SHIRO KASHIBA He's got a great big piece of tuna for you.

The Return of **Seattle's Greatest Chef**

Sit at Shiro Kashiba's Sushi Bar for a Lesson from the Master

BY ANGELA GARBES

Sushi Kashiba

86 Pine St, Suite 1,

441-8844

ven if you've been eating sushi all your life, you'll never know as much as Shiro Kashiba.

Kashiba, born in Kyoto in 1941, began apprenticing with Tokyo sushi masters when he was 19 years old. Eventually he immigrated to the United States and, in 1970, set up Seattle's first full-service sushi bar

at Maneki, one of the city's oldest restaurants. Kashiba opened his first restaurant, Nikko, in the International District in 1972.

where, for nearly two decades, he introduced scores of local diners to Japanese cuisine. For another 20 years, he stood behind the sushi bar at his Belltown restaurant, Shiro's, which he left in 2014 after selling it to new owners.

For more than 50 years, Kashiba has fished and foraged in the waters and mountains of Puget Sound. He pioneered and popularized sushi made from local seafood such as geoduck, smelt, albacore tuna, and salmon, including its roe, which he first procured for free from fishermen on Seattle's waterfront in the 1960s. Kashiba couldn't stand to see the roe, which was either thrown away or used as bait, go to waste. Now the briny, squishy, coral-colored eggs, known as ikura, are prized ingredients. Kashiba became such a beloved local figure that the entire city calls him simply, affectionately, by his first name.

So when you sit down at the sushi counter or

a table at Shiro's new restaurant, Sushi Kashiba, open since last November and perched above the fish vendors of Pike Place Market, the smartest thing you can do is surrender to his lifetime of knowledge and order the omakase sushi dinner (the price changes based on the market prices and availability; two weeks ago the meal cost \$95 per person).

Omakase, from the Japanese characters meaning "entrust," puts you entirely in a chef's hands. At Sushi Kashiba, omak-

ase means a leisurely, multicourse dinner of a broad array of the freshest seafood available, prepared and presented with a variety of techniques, and lightly seasoned to highlight the natural flavors of each fish.

Food at Sushi Kashiba will taste exquisite whether you're sitting at the sushi bar, in the small dining room, or the lounge. But if you're lucky enough to secure seats at the sushi counter, each course will be served to you by Shiro-san himself, along with a generous helping of his benevolent expertise and humor. (Because of high demand, the sushi bar is seated exclusively on a first come, first served basis. Plan to get there before the doors open at 5 p.m., or be prepared to wait. Either way, plan to be there for a few hoursdon't worry, it will all be worth it.)

Our meal began with four slabs of tuna, each on rectangles of perfectly cooked and ▶















◀ seasoned rice: local albacore, a beautiful blush color; blue fin, a robust shade of rose; bluefin belly, pale pink and marbled through with white fat; and bigeye tuna, a deep magenta.

"I have already seasoned these with soy sauce and wasabi," Shiro-san told us, explaining that at sushi restaurants in Japan, chefs prepare their own *nikiri*, a light, seasoned soy sauce that they flavor pieces of *nigiri* with before serving. He showed us his own sauce and stirred it gently with a brush.

"And there is already salt and sugar in the rice," he added, his message friendly but firm: Don't even think of reaching for the containers of soy sauce on the counter, the tuna tastes exactly as it should.

"Okay, ready, big bite, one bite—go ahead," he said, waving his hand and signaling that it was time to begin eating.

Each piece of tuna tasted clean and clear, and felt cool and lush in the mouth. The albacore was bright, while the bluefin belly, or *toro*, melted away and lolled around slowly on the tongue. The bigeye tuna, which had been marinated, was made meatier by an umamirich, slightly sweet sauce. It reminded me a bit of the flavor of jerky, but without any trace of dryness or toughness.

Many other courses followed. Two kinds of amberjack: buttery hamachi served alongside kanpachi, the flavor of which was comparatively light. Squid—the body and legs served as two separate nigiri, each with a completely different texture: The long white body was delicate and soft, while the purpletinged, curlicue legs were pleasantly chewy. Snow crab and king crab were both wonderfully sweet, but served together, the snow crab seemed stringy and fibrous compared to the succulent mound of king meat. A trio of shellfish, all imbued with briny and dulcet flavors: a single translucent spot prawn, served with its deep-fried head ("Eat the head first!

Before it gets cold!"); an ultra-sweet scallop, so soft it felt like someone had gently laid their tongue on top of mine; and a thin slice of geoduck, firm with an ever-so-slight crunch.

Omakase menus change daily based on what's in season, what's available, or maybe even who happens to be sitting next to you at dinner. As in life, every day is different, and no meal is exactly the same. An omakase dinner is expensive, but here, as it progresses, its value becomes incalculable. Several courses featured

The flounder was unlike any sushi I'd had before, utterly creamy and soft.

different varieties of the same fish, some from different parts of the world, all served next to each other on the same wooden board. Eating them in progression allows you to experience the range of flavors and possibilities that reside within a single family of fish.

Wild sockeye salmon from the Pacific Northwest is deep crimson, almost purple, and tastes as rich as it does muscular. Right next to it, a slab of king salmon, brought in from the frigid waters of Scotland, looked flimsy and mild: pale and peach-colored, wearing a dainty little belt of seaweed that affixed a thin slice of pickled onion to its flesh. But as soon as I bit into it, I was caught off guard by its inherent oiliness, enhanced by the light citrus sauce Shiro-san had brushed onto it, and swept into an all-consuming moment of pleasure.

A quartet of what Shiro-san called "blue-skin fishes"—three types of mackerel and herring—was stunning. I happen to love the strong, fishy taste of mackerel, and the Spanish variety (which actually comes from Japan),

while still unmistakably mackerel, held just a whisper of those typical characteristics. The sturdier flesh of Norwegian mackerel, on the other hand, was much more pungent. A piece of king mackerel, brought in from Florida, had been lightly smoked, which firmed up the meat and gave it a darker, smoldering flavor. A long, thin filet of Alaskan herring was pickled, giving it beautiful vinegary tang. It was served skin side up, so you could admire its silver sheen and dark gray speckles.

In a city with both strong Scandinavian and Japanese histories, Shiro-san's pickled herring was an unexpected, contemporary, and playful salute to the region. It was the epitome of a philosophy he laid out in his moving memoir, Shiro: Wit, Wisdom & Recipes from a Sushi Pioneer (Chin Music Press, 2011): "[It's] about preserving tradition, but it's also about infusing that tradition with fresh life."

Typically when I go out for sushi, my order tends to be predictable—I stick with what I know and like. But while seated across the bar from a man with a lifetime's worth of knowledge of so many fishes from around the world, it was one of the most gratifying and freeing feelings to admit I knew nothing at all.

If not for Shiro-san, how else would I have discovered my love of flounder wing, something I had never even heard of before? As he wielded a blowtorch over a set of firm-looking pieces of white fish, giving them bubbly, charred blisters, I asked what we were having next.

"I will tell you after you eat it," Shiro-san replied. "You will like it, I am sure."

The flounder was unlike any sushi I'd had before, utterly creamy and soft. It immediately filled my mouth up with its warm fat and smoke, then, just as quickly, it vanished. It will haunt me until I get to have it again. Shiro-san was, of course, right.

Shiro Kashiba is in his mid-70s, and to watch him work is to see a man both fully at

ease and in complete control of his powers. He slices fish and molds grains of rice with effortless precision, all while keeping a watchful eye on the dining room, giving instructions to the front- and back-of-house staffs, and cheerfully bantering with diners. His mastery is not only one of sushi making, but of communicating and establishing a rapport with people. He exudes the quiet confidence and happiness that comes only with experience and age. There is a simplicity to his words that belies the depth of thoughtfulness and knowledge behind it.

Shiro's staff of sushi chefs, servers, and hosts are in constant, quiet motion—seating diners, managing the wait list, making sushi, running food. Behind the sushi bar, the chef directly to Shiro's right anticipates all of his needs, slicing fish and passing them to him stealthily so service can continue smoothly.

Front-of-house service here is seamless and formal, but always warm and gracious. A water glass will never sit unfilled—in fact, it will never get less than halfway full, but you'll likely never notice that anyone even came by with a pitcher. There's an impressive amount of teamwork, attention, and communication happening at Sushi Kashiba—and everyone respectfully defers to Shiro-san, diners included.

As part of a recent omakase dinner, Shiro-san deftly filled sheets of toasted nori with cucumber, shiso, and delicious custardy, golden-orange uni. He rolled them into objects reminiscent of savory ice-cream cones and handed them across the bar to diners. "Eat quickly, while the seaweed is still crunchy, before it gets soft," he instructed us. "Take big bites!"

He laughed, noting that many of his customers aren't used to doing this, having been taught their whole lives to eat slowly and take small bites. "Food is culture," he said, "and it is different everywhere you go."

Seattle is lucky to continue to have our culture shaped by Shiro Kashiba. \blacksquare



FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of February 24

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Just one species has a big enough throat Artist (warch 21-April 19): Just one species has a big enough throat to swallow a person whole: the sperm whale. If you happen to be sailing the high seas anytime soon, I hope you will studiously avoid getting thrown overboard in the vicinity of one of these beasts. The odds are higher than usual that you'd end up in its belly, much like the biblical character Jonah. (Although, like him, I bet you'd ultimately the biblical character Jonan. (Atthough, like him, I bet you'd ultimately escape.) Furthermore, Aries, I hope you will be cautious not to get swallowed up by anything else. It's true that the coming weeks will be a good time to go on a retreat, to flee from the grind and take a break from the usual frenzy. But the best way to do that is to consciously choose the right circumstances rather than leave it to chance.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): You have cosmic clearance to fantasize about participating in orgies where you're loose and free and exuberant. It's probably not a good idea to attend a literal orgy, however. For the foreseeable future, all the cleansing revelry and cathartic rapture you need can be obtained through the wild stories and outrageous scenes that unfold in your imagination. Giving yourself the gift of pretend immersions in fertile chaos could recharge your spiritual batteries in just the right ways.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): "Hell is the suffering of being unable to love," wrote novelist J.D. Salinger. If that's true, I'm pleased to announce that you can now ensure you'll be free of hell for a very long time. The cosmic omens suggest that you have enormous power to expand your capacity for love. So get busy! Make it your intention to dissolve any unconscious blocks you might have about sharing your gifts and bestowing your blessings. Get rid of attitudes and behaviors that limit your generosity and compassion. Now is an excellent time to launch your "Perpetual Freedom from Hell" campaign!

CANCER (June 21–July 22): "A vacation is what you take when can no longer take what you've been taking," said journalist Earl Wilson. Do you fit that description, Cancerian? Probably. I suspect without that destription, californian Frobany, 1 suspect it's high time to find a polite way to flee your responsibilities, avoid your duties, and hide from your burdens. For the foreseeable future, you have a mandate to ignore what fills you with boredom. You have the right to avoid any involvement that makes life too damn compli-cated. And you have a holy obligation to rethink your relationship with any influence that weighs you down with menial obligations.

LEO (July 23–Aug 22): "Your illusions are a part of you like your bones and flesh and memory," writes William Faulkner in his novel *Absalom, Absalom!* If that's true, Leo, you now have a chance to be a miracle worker. In the coming weeks, you can summon the uncanny power to rip at least two of your illusions out by the roots—without causing any permanent damage! You may temporarily feel a stinging ensation, but that will be a sign that healing is under way. Congratu ce for getting rid of the dead weight.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): "We are defined by the lines we choose to cross or to be confined by," says Virgo writer A.S. Byatt. That's a key meditation for you as you enter a phase in which boundaries will be a major theme. During the next eight weeks, you will be continuously challenged to decide which people and things and ideas you want to be part of your world, and which you don't. In some cases, you'll be wise to put up barriers and limit connection. In other cases, you'll thrive by erasing borders and transcending divisions. The hard partand the fun part—will be knowing which is which. Trust your gut.

LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22): When life gives you lemon juice from concentrate, citric acid, high-fructose corn syrup, modified cornstarch, potassium citrate, yellow food dye, and gum acacia, what should you do? Make lemonade, of course! You might wish that all the raw ingredients life sends your way would be pure and authentic, but sometimes the mix includes artificial stuff. No worries, Libra! I am confident that you have the imaginative chutzpah and resilient willpower necessary to turn the mishmash into passable nourishment. Or here's another alternative: You could procrastinate for two weeks, when more of the available resources will be natural.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Your Mythic Metaphor for the co weeks is dew. Many cultures have regarded it as a symbol of life-giving grace. In Kabbalah, divine dew seeps from the Tree of Life. In Chinese folklore, the lunar dew purifies vision and nurtures longevity. In the lore of ancient Greece, dew confers fertility. The Iroquois speak of the Great Dew Eagle, who drops healing moisture on land rav-aged by evil spirits. The creator god of the Ashanti people created dew soon after making the sun, moon, and stars. Lao-Tse said it's an emblem of the harmonious marriage between earth and heaven. So what will you do with the magic dew you'll be blessed with?

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): It's prime time for you to love you memory, make vivid use of your memory, and enhance your memory. Here are some hints about how: (1) Feel appreciation for the way the old stories of your life form the core of your identity and self-image. (2) Draw on your recollections of the past to guide you in making deci sions about the imminent future. (3) Notice everything you see with an intensified focus, because then you will remember it better, and that will come in handy quite soon. (4) Make up new memories that you wish had happened. Have fun creating scenes from an imagined past.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): Most of us know about Albert Einthe reasons he won a Nobel Prize in physics. But what was his second-best discovery? Here's what he said it was: adding an egg to the pot while he cooked his soup. That way, he could produce a soft-boiled egg without having to dirty a second pot. What are the first- and second-most fabulous ideas you've ever come up with, Capricorn? I suspect you are on the verge of producing new candidates to compete with them. If it's okay with you, I will, at least temporarily, refer

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): You may be familiar with the iconic children's book Where the Wild Things Are. It's about a boy named Max who takes a dreamlike journey from his bedroom to an exotic wax who takes a dreamine journey from in bedroom to an exout island, where he becomes king of the weird beasts who live there. Author Maurice Sendak's original title for the tale was Where the Wild Horses Are. But when his editor realized how inept Sendak was at drawing horses, she instructed him to come up with a title to match the kinds of creatures he could draw skillfully. That was a good idea. The book has sold more than 19 million copies. I think you may need to deal with a comparable issue, Aquarius. It's wis to acknowledge one of your limitations, and then capitalize on th adjustments you've got to make.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): "People don't want their lives fixed," proclaims Chuck Palahniuk in his novel Survivor. "Nobody wants their problems solved. Their dramas. Their distractions. Their stories resolved. Their messes cleaned up. Because what would they have left? Just the big scary unknown." Your challenge in the coming weeks, Pisces, is to prove Palahniuk wrong, at least in regards to you. From what I can tell, you will have unprecedented opportunities to solve dilemmas and clean up messy situations. And if you take even partial advantage of this gift, you will not be plunged into the big scary unknown, but rather into a new phase of shaping your identity with crispness and clarity.







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(2/29) Sonia Shah Preventing the Next Pandemic

(3/1) Timothy Egan Meagher, From Irish Immigrant to Hero

(3/2) SWOP Seattle presents Rights, Not Rescue, for Sex Workers

> (3/4) ACDA: VOCES8 Underneath the Stars

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> (3/7) The Crocodile: Andrea Gibson with Jinkx Monsoon

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Kristina Cullen

Jewelry Designer

Kristina Cullen quit her day job in May of 2013 to start designing art and jewelry under the moniker Open the Cellar Door.

Three years later, she's making more pieces than ever—necklaces made from antique coffin nails, deer antlers, and porcupine

teeth. Earrings constructed from the tiny vertebrae of rattlesnakes, and dangerous looking rings of bison teeth she calls "witch fingers." She also makes one-of-a-kind pendants from dried chicken feet. The gilded silver talons are inspired by the practice of hoodoo—wearing the foot, with claws intact, is believed to be a powerful protection against evil because of the object's magical power to "scratch" one's enemy.

Ethically sourced and cruelty free, the salvaged materials Cullen uses sometimes border on the bizarre.

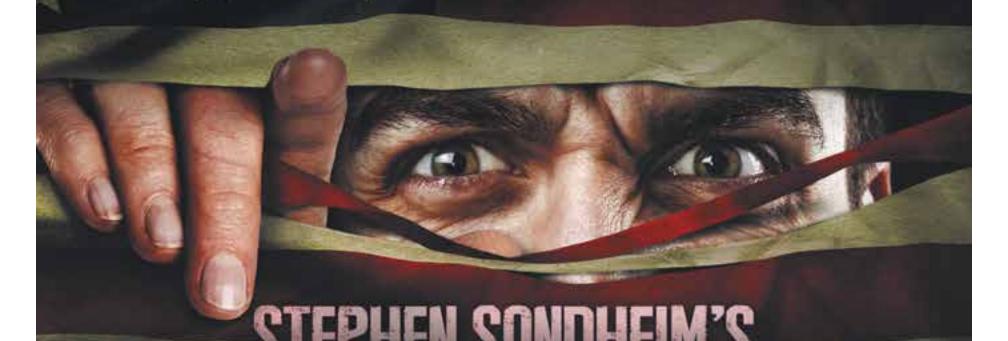
"I had to discontinue a bracelet once," says Cullen. "I found some old dental

plates from a long-closed insane asylum. Like all of the discarded materials I use, I thought the teeth had a strangely beautiful quality. But people were really creeped out by them—I tried to sell them at a market once, and people literally went running away from my table."

Kristina Cullen will be at the Seattle Makers Market on February 28 at Sole Repair. You can also find her designs locally at Ghost Gallery, Moksha, Sassafras, and Revival, and online at Etsy, Below Shop, and CVLT Nation Bizarre.



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9805 Sauk Connection Rd, 98237



WANT TO STOP **DRINKING TO**

Volunteers are needed for the APT Study examining two different types of treatment for people who have both alcohol problems and Posttraumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) Counseling is provided at no cost.

NUMB THE PAIN?

Call the APT study at

206-543-0584.



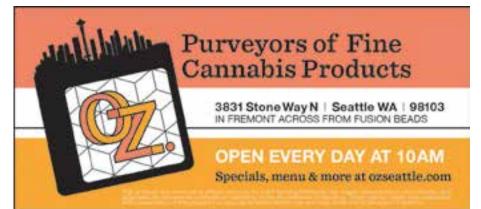
Want to stop using heroin or pain killers? The Alcohol & Drug Abuse Institute at the University of Washington & Evergreen Treatment Services are recruiting for a study comparing two different FDA-approved medications for the treatment of opiate dependence.

e looking for individuals aged 18 or older who:

- Are addicted to piates (including Heroin, Vicodin, and OxyContin) - Willing to go to detox

Would like medication-assisted treatment at no cost - Are willing to participate in a study









to go! **Buddy Boy**

seven strains up to 21% Antoine Creek Farm™

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This product has introloging effects and may be habit faming. Marjuans can impel concentration, combration and judgement. Do not sents a softice or machinery under the influence of this drug. Then may be health ride associated with concentration of the product. For only by adults 21 and older Keep out of the reach of philyten, WAC 214-55-155.



February 27th

Enjoy a complimentary uninfused espresso drink between 10A-12P

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A UW STUDY TO HELP.

Incentive program for quitting manijuana Computer-assisted and individual counseling Support for quitting tobacco

600 4TH AVE

CONFIDENTIAL

University of Washington

For more information call: (206)616-3235